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The Time Factor

9 DEC 1943
NEW SOUTH WALES

By . . .
STANLEY JACKSON

"Hold your tongue, English dog!" the intelligence officer growled across at Wilmot.

SQUADRON-LEADER WILMOT glanced at his wristwatch. 12.5. Well, they ought to have dropped their stuff by one o'clock and be back in the mess for late lunch. In his mind's eye he saw a plate of beef and pickles to be washed down by a tankard of beer. And in a few days he would be home on leave. . . .

The Hurricanes were now sweeping over the coast of Normandy at 12,000 feet.

Wilmot circled slowly and then came down several thousand feet. He leaned out and glimpsed the aerodrome. It was on a hill, nestling in woods.

"Target astern—target astern," he snapped into the R/T. "No. 3 attack. No. 3 attack. Go to it!" The fighters began to dive. Very nice. They had pasted that hangar all right. This was easy. But, just as the formation started to climb again, he caught the glint of the sun on the under-surface of an aircraft. He had just time to register "Heinkel" when he sighted a formation of Me. 109's coming in from the east.

Then things moved in a hurry. He gave an Me. a sharp burst and saw it go spiralling down in flames. He was about to climb when his controls seemed to go limp. He pushed his stick forward but seemed to be losing speed. Dark smoke was coming out of the nose. Then he heard a sharp explosion that nearly bumped him out of the cockpit, and saw a great gap in his port wing. Bullets seemed to be snaking in from all angles, and there was a damp feeling in his right shoulder.

The Hurricane was now diving vertically. He opened the hood and saw blood dripping over the palm of his hand, but felt no pain. With his other hand he pulled the pin out of his harness and managed to haul himself out.

He tugged at the rip-cord and felt a violent jerk at the injured shoulder, but was soon rocking gently earthward. There was a dull boom somewhere below to his left. Probably my ship, he thought grimly. There goes my beef and pickles. Then he went down, had a sensation of blinding pain in the back, and crashed into nothingness.

. . . . . .

Three days later he was ready for questioning. The shoulder still throbbed, but even less comfortable was having his left leg in a cage. He seemed to be in a small room lit by a pale electric globe.

Pressing the bell, he tried to sit up, but the effort was too much. In a few minutes an orderly appeared.

"M'sieu?" he said politely enough. Thank Heaven he's not a Jerry, thought Wilmot with quick relief.

"You speak English?" he asked hopefully, but the man shook his head with a nervous smile. Probably does but is scared, decided the Englishman.

"Where am I?" he asked in careful schoolboy French.

"Chalons-sur-Marne. You have been badly hurt, m'sieu. The doctors have removed a bullet from your shoulder, and your knee was broken."

"What about my things? My money and watch?"

The Frenchman shrugged and went out, muttering to himself. Soon a German officer came in and sat down beside the bed. He was a man of about fifty, with reddish hair turning grey at the temples, and a thick moustache. He wore steel-rimmed spectacles that made him look more like a schoolmaster than a Prussian soldier. But it was his long bony hands that took Wilmot's eye. They were the sensitive hands of a musician, he decided.

"And how are you feeling now?" said the German in English. His voice was soft, almost gentle.

"Quite all right, but for the leg."

"You were fortunate, squadron-leader. Your plane was a complete wreck. You hit a tree when you jumped out."

Wilmot raised himself on one elbow. "I hope you will inform the Red Cross that I'm safe," he said earnestly. "I've got a wife . . ." The thought of Peggy and not seeing her until the end of the war was like touching a raw nerve.

"I understand," said the gentle voice. "You may rely on us to do all possible." He went off, leaving Wilmot a cigarette.

NEXT morning he came again, bringing one or two French magazines and a battered English novel.

"Good of you," said Wilmot.

The German smiled. "We are not such monsters as your Mr. Churchill pretends," he said.

"Can I have my wallet and watch?"

"I regret that your watch is broken. Your wallet is in the hands of the authorities. Your money will be returned to you."

Wilmot grunted. He'd become attached to that watch, had almost come to look on it as a lucky mascot. It was a presentation from the squadron when he'd won his D.F.C., during those first hectic days of the Battle for Britain.

But the German merely smiled good-humoredly when he suggested that someone had stolen his watch, and probably his money also.

"We make better watches in Germany," he laughed. "And your wallet will be returned to you, my friend."

He made a habit of dropping in every day, but Wilmot was curt almost to rudeness. He knew now that the German was an intelligence officer with plenty of point in all his innocent-sounding questions about conditions in England and the R.A.F. in particular. When the fellow suggested a game of chess he said that he couldn't play, although nothing would have given him greater pleasure.

Wilmot was now hobbling about with a stick and felt quite fit, apart from a bit of stiffness in the knee. He had just come in from a walk in the hospital grounds when he saw the German sitting at his bedside with another officer in the uniform of the Luftwaffe.

They talked for a while, apparently pleasantly, but Wilmot was on his guard. The Luftwaffe officer was particularly cordial.

"You have been quite comfortable here, yes?" he asked with a friendly smile. "It will be harder in a prison camp." He gave him a keen look. "It would be a pity in some ways to waste years behind barbed wire. Perhaps we might find you some more congenial work here in Chalons. Perhaps translation work. . . ."

"A splendid idea," put in the intelligence man. "It would help to keep your mind off so many of the unpleasant things. . . ."

So this was behind all the blarney, thought Wilmot grimly.

"I'd prefer the prison camp, thank you."

The Germans exchanged glances. "We could make you reasonably comfortable here," said the Luftwaffe officer. "This will be a long war."

"I don't agree," said Wilmot. "In fact, the way we're pasting your ports and factories it won't be long, I feel."

Two angry spots showed red on the German's cheeks.

"We shall see, my friend," he barked. "Only yesterday we destroyed twenty-four of your bombers over Cologne."

"According to Dr. Goebbels, no doubt," said Wilmot gently.

The Luftwaffe officer clenched his fist, gripping Wilmot's shoulder threateningly. "Hold your tongue, English dog!" the intelligence officer growled. Then he strode forward and hit Wilmot across the mouth.

For the next few days the food was vile and he was not allowed to walk in the grounds. The intelligence officer did not come in for a week, but when he arrived his smile was in place and he tried to be polite.

"I see you are not talkative today," he said at last. He took a package from the breast-pocket of his tunic.

"The watchmaker has returned your watch," he announced, putting it on the little table. "We have had it repaired for you as it has a sentimental value, according to the inscription." He bowed stiffly.

Wilmot was so surprised and pleased that he could only stammer his thanks. Somehow it would be a comfort to have the old ticker with him, even though it always seemed to lose about a quarter of an hour a day!

A day or two later he opened the back just to pass the time. To his surprise a tiny square of tracing paper fell out. He opened it out and saw a network of lines form a large C in the centre. For a while he was puzzled until he picked out a faint curve with the letter M on it. M for Marne, and the C stood for Chalons, apparently! With sudden excitement he began to pore over the map, but the words were too small and faint to be picked out.

Heaven bless that watchmaker, he thought excitedly, but why hadn't he smuggled in a magnifying glass!

After a day or two of torture he managed to make out the sense of the message with the aid of a clinical thermometer which he pressed against the paper.

It was a slow business, but, bit by bit, he gathered that he was to drop off a train at Bar le Duc and make his way to a house with a tower six kilometres along the road to Toul. That made sense, anyway. Bar le Duc he recalled as a railway junction "en route" to Nancy and Strasbourg. The Jerries had bombed that line more than once when they hammered their way into France.

. . . . . .

Wilmot took six months to get to the coast; he had a most exciting tale to tell of how he jumped the train at Bar le Duc and was hidden by loyal Frenchmen; and how he and two fishermen eager to join De Gaulle were nearly drowned in the Channel.

The mess made a great fuss of him when he got back, and the station intelligence officer took down every word of his account. Wilmot did not know that his story was of particular interest to two M.I.5 chiefs in Whitehall.

"Great bit of work," said one of them. The other nodded. He was looking at a dossier, headed Z.22. The first page carried the head and shoulders photograph of a man of about fifty with reddish hair, turning grey at the temples, and a moustache.

"I see Z.22 used to be a watchmaker," he commented. "Clever getting a job as intelligence officer."

Wilmot insisted on having beef and pickles for his first meal in the mess. When the clock struck one he looked at his watch and was heard to say:

"That German certainly did a good job on this ticker. It's never lost a minute since I got it back."

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PARADISE PLAINS

By Australian Author
IRENE DOWSING

SHE saw him approaching, and knew he was going to ask her to dance. She would refuse. From nine o'clock until eleven he had danced in turn with every other woman in the room.

"I'm not dancing, Mr. Webb," she said coolly as he stood before her and offered his arm.

"Why not?"

"I'm tired."

"Not tired. Bored, I think. It will do you good to dance with me. Come along."

He placed strong hands under her elbows and brought her to her feet. Without attracting attention, she could do nothing but swing into the dance.

"You're an arrogant person," she said angrily. "Didn't you hear me say I didn't wish to dance."

"You didn't mean it, though. You're a bit peeved with me for not asking you before, that's all."

With an instinctive movement to break away she missed a step. What colossal conceit! A few hours ago she hadn't known he existed. He had come crashing up to the guest-house with his battered-looking car and trailer and booked in for the night.

Once installed he had brought the house to sudden life. No one knew anything about him. No one cared. The women accepted him gratefully at his face value as a gift from the gods to a guest-house almost entirely devoid of men.

"Trying to think of something crushing to say to me?" he asked, conscious of her silence.

"I was wondering just why you seemed so sure I wished to dance with you."

"Oh, there's nothing personal in it. You like dancing and there's no one here who can dance decently except myself. Simple deduction. You dance well, by the way. I knew you would. It's a pity you were rude to me this afternoon, because if you hadn't we'd have danced together a lot to-night, and we'd both have enjoyed ourselves a good deal more."

"Really, Mr. Webb." She looked up, half-annoyed but half-laughing also. "You certainly dispense with all the preliminaries, don't you?"

"To what?"

"To—to—well—to just an ordinary acquaintance."

"I don't beat about the bush, if that's what you mean."

"And you don't bother much about being polite, do you?"

"Not if it wastes time," he conceded cheerfully. "Time's important, especially now. Everything dashes along at an increased tempo when there's a war on. Haven't you noticed?"

"Are you——" She paused uncertainly.

"An air trainee. I'm due for camp on Monday."

"I see." The music had stopped. People were drifting back to seats. "Come outside," he said briefly, and led her through the doorway.

"So you thought I was rude to you this afternoon?" she said haughtily.

"Weren't you?"

"Perhaps. A little. But so were you. You knew I didn't want you to disturb my grandfather. I told you he wasn't well enough to see strangers."

"I thought you just were being stubborn about it. Your father said I might see him."

"Father didn't know he'd had such a restless night. I wanted him to sleep this afternoon."

He smoked in silence for a while. "I suppose it was rather mean of me to slip in while your back was turned. Still, you can't say I did him any harm. On the contrary, he was slapping his sides with laughter when you appeared in the doorway looking like an avenging angel. Yes," he went on, reminiscently, "you were very rude to me."

"I had told you not to go in."

"And you don't like your orders disobeyed, do you, Miss Morgan?"

She found her resentment against him steadily mounting. "There are things I dislike even more than having my orders disobeyed, Mr. Webb."

He startled her by laughing with obviously genuine amusement. "I do seem to get under your skin, don't I? I can't think why. By the way, I'm not exactly a stranger, you know."

"You are to me."

"Didn't your grandfather tell you that he and my grandad were friends up here in the old days. They used to run their cattle together on Paradise Plains. That's why I was so persistent about seeing him this afternoon."

"Yes. He told me."

"And doesn't that make you a little more kindly disposed towards me."

"It might, if you could manage to be a little less impertinent."

"I should have thought," he went on calmly, "that as your father's hostess it was your duty to be amiable to all the guests, even the impertinent ones, if you wished them to come again. You're not being very successful with me, are you?"

"I am amiable," she continued, "to the ones I wish to come again."

She had risen, determined to escape before he annoyed her into fresh indiscretions. "I'm going to see if grandfather is settled for the night. Then I'm off to bed. You're leaving in the morning, aren't you?"

"Some time after breakfast. Good-night."

She found her grandfather sitting up in bed smoking. His keen eyes had a definite sparkle.

"Why aren't you asleep?" she asked him sternly.

"Couldn't sleep. I've been thinking. Fancy young Rufus Webb turning up here to-day. Nice lad, isn't he? Great long streak, just like his grandfather. Plenty of fire and enthusiasm. Did you dance with him?"

"Once. I think he's very domineering, and very rude."

The old man chuckled. "Just like old Rufus. Strong and ruthless about some things, but good stuff all through. Anyway, you weren't too polite to him yourself this afternoon. What was the matter with you?"

"I don't know. Just naturally antagonistic, I think. He's so cocksure."

"It doesn't hurt for a young chap to have a bit of confidence. Anyway, we had a grand talk, mostly about the early days up here. Old Rufus seems to have told him a lot, things I'd almost forgotten myself. He asked a heap of questions about Paradise Plains, if I thought the old track would be overgrown, and where I reckoned Barstow had had his hide-out."

"Barstow, the bushranger?"

"H'm. I remember old Rufus' father mighty near got into trouble with the police over Barstow. He was always a bit of a radical with a soft spot for lame dogs, and people said he hid Barstow when he was wounded by the police after a hold-up. I never knew the rights of it. Old Rufus didn't tell me, and I didn't ask him. Anyway, they found Barstow in the loft of the Webbs' old barn, just dead from the plugging he'd got the previous day. But they couldn't prove that Rufus' father knew he was there, so after a while it all blew over. They say that Barstow got a marvellous haul in his time."

"Didn't anyone find his hide-out?"

"Not that I heard of. Some people used to reckon it was somewhere in Paradise Plains."

"But I thought you used to run cattle there."

"That was after Barstow's day." The old man yawned and knocked out his pipe. "You better nip off to bed, Gay. You'll have to be up early if you're going to ride to Taggerty to-morrow."

She gave him a speculative glance. "I don't know yet whether I'll go."

"You will. You'll miss seeing your friend Marion if you don't. I asked young Rufus if he was going on to Alexandria. I thought he might give you a lift as far as Taggerty, and the Parkers could drive you back on Saturday, but he——"

"What?" She frowned. "I'm not going in Rufus Webb's car. I'd rather ride Barker."

"All right. He isn't heading for Alexandria, anyway, so he can't take you."

"Where is he going? Back to Melbourne?"

The old man scratched his head. "I'm bothered if I know for certain. Somehow I got the impression that he was going to try and get a look at Paradise Plains, and then go on to Wood's Point."

"Paradise Plains? Whatever for?"

"I don't know. The place seems to have some sort of fascination for him."

When Gay went out to saddle Barker next morning she saw, disappearing in a cloud of dust, Rufus Webb and his car and trailer. She wished belatedly that she had been a little nicer.

She urged Barker into a smart trot into the township. If Rufus Webb had stopped to make purchases there she might get a chance to say good-bye and wish him good luck with a certain amount of graciousness.

His car was parked in front of Regan's hotel. She dismounted and asked for her mail at the post office, bought a few things at the store, and strolled back to where Barker was tethered. The car was still there. She had the reins in her hands when suddenly Rufus came dashing out of the hotel doorway with a couple of men almost at his heels.

He flung himself into the car, started up, and, without apparently glancing in her direction, drove off down the one road of the township and out of sight. The men staring after him shouted and waved. Others rushed from the hotel and joined them. Regan, catching sight of Gay, beckoned her over.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

"Did that fellow stay at your place last night, Miss Morgan?"

"Yes. What's he done?"

"He's just killed Larry Flynn. Knocked him cold," shouted one of the men excitedly.

"Shut up, Crabbe!" Regan started to walk back into the hotel. "He ain't dead. Get the doctor, and hop down to the police station. Tell them to telephone any likely place and see if they can get that fellow's car stopped."

Gay followed Regan into the bar.

"What happened?" she asked tersely. "Larry Flynn fighting-drunk again?"

Regan gave her a swift glance. "Oh, well," he said, "you know Larry. He was leaning against the bar when this chap comes in and orders a beer. Larry starts sort of worrying him, and the young chap gets kind of impatient after a while and pushes Larry off. Larry starts using a bit of language and shaping up to him, and suddenly the fellow turns and lets out an uppercut that lifts Larry clean off his feet and lands him flat with his head banging against the rail, see."

Gay saw. She looked down at Larry Flynn lying on the floor unconscious, and felt a sudden flame of anger against Rufus Webb.

She stood thoughtfully leaning against Barker when she got outside. Then she mounted, headed him slowly through the township and on to Wood's Point Road. She knew where to find Rufus Webb. He had gone to Paradise Plains. She felt so sure of this that she had almost turned in at the police station with the idea of getting someone to accompany her. But it was more exciting to go alone. Also she would feel less foolish if, after all, it turned out to be a wild goose chase.

Please turn to page 4

"Whatever are you doing up there?" Gay cried, a little wildly.

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Paradise Plains

Continued from page 3

RUFUS WEBB would have to leave his car and trailer a mile or so this side of the plains and travel the rest of the way on foot. As soon as she sighted his car she would get back to Marysville just as quickly as B rker could carry her. It seemed a foolproof plan provided she escaped being seen by Rufus Webb.

The track was narrow and overgrown, but for a long way it was wide enough for a car to scrape through. She detected tyre marks in a small patch of dust. It seemed almost impossible for Rufus Webb to have driven through this. But he must have. Otherwise—— She pulled Barker up sharply. A few yards ahead, completely blocking the track and clumsily camouflaged with bushes and dried branches, stood the car and trailer.

She listened carefully, then dismounted and, pulling Barker slowly after her, approached the trailer. Pushing aside some of the camouflage and canvas covering she discovered on the floor of the trailer some tools, a folded tent, and a large collection of tinned foods.

Apparently Rufus Webb had come to stay. He had evidently done what she expected, gone on foot to the plains, but at any moment he might be back for some of his gear.

She turned Barker round and listened. There was a rustle in the trees almost above her. She looked up quickly. Stretched along one of the branches hanging low over the track was the long figure of Rufus Webb.

He was watching her with an expression of half-amused impatience. She started violently. Barker, alarmed by her fright, plunged sideways, and it was a moment or two before she could mount. But in any case it was too late. A hand whipped downwards from the tree, caught the bridle, and brought Barker to a standstill.

"Hello," said Rufus Webb, calmly. "This is a pleasant surprise."

"Is it?" She spoke a little wildly. "Whatever are you doing up there? I've always wanted to see Paradise Plains. I was out riding on Barker and I thought—I didn't know you'd be—you'd be——"

She paused, arrested by the sudden hardening of his mouth.

"What?" His eyes met hers squarely and held them. "Don't lie to me. I don't like it." Still holding the bridle he swung down beside her. "I know why you came."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw you outside Regan's. From what I told your grandfather you guessed I'd be here. You'd better get down."

"I'm going home."

"Don't be silly."

"Are you going to stop me?"

"I am. Don't you see I can't let you ride back to Marysville and tell them where to find me?"

"They'll start worrying at home if I'm not back pretty soon. I've been away a good while already."

"You and I will get along a good deal better if you don't try to lie to me. They won't worry at home because they're not expecting you until some time to-morrow. You're supposed to be at Taggerty. Now, come along, get off that horse, and you can give me a hand to cart some of this stuff."

"But if I were to promise you not to tell?"

"In that case—" He paused, watching her keenly. "Will you promise? Will you go straight to your friends at Taggerty and say nothing about me?"

She hesitated just a second too long.

"No, don't bother." His voice was decided. "Nothing doing. Get down."

There was obviously nothing else to be done. Holding Barker's bridle he held all the cards. She gave him a furious look as she slipped to the ground.

"So they'll be able to add kidnapping to your other charge, Mr. Webb? Manslaughter and kidnapping. When you're caught——"

He turned on her swiftly. "What happened to that chap? Didn't he come round all right?"

"He hadn't when I left."

For a moment he looked worried. Then his face cleared. "He will," he said cheerfully. "It wasn't a terribly hard crack, and a drunk always stays out longer."

"Why did you do it?"

"I have that sort of temper," he said briefly. "My father was the same."

"You talk as if it was something to be proud of, like a family heirloom." She spoke bitingly. "Well? What happens now?"

"You can help me to carry some of these things."

Feeling subdued, and thoroughly miserable, she took what he handed her, and silently watched him make a pack-horse of Barker.

"I'll make some tea when we get to the plains," he said amiably.

"How long are you going to be there?"

"It all depends on how soon I can find what I've come for."

"Barstow's hidden treasure?"

"Oh, so you know about that, too, do you?"

"I didn't know. I just guessed. You are putting yourself properly outside the law, aren't you? First assault, then kidnapping, and now stealing Crown property. If you do find it, it won't be any use to you. You'll never be able to dispose of it."

"Oh, I'll dispose of it all right," he said confidently. "I know a man who can get rid of the lot for me without any trouble."

There seemed to be nothing to say to that sort of reasoning. She watched him with a distinct feeling of alarm. He was ruthless. He had an ungovernable temper. He was unscrupulous, and she was alone with him in a place where no one might come for months, or even years on end.

"It's not quite as bad as all that," he said suddenly.

"What?" She felt startled. "How did you know——"

"What you were thinking? Oh, I'm good at guessing, and you have a very expressive face. Now, let's get going. Can you carry those things all right?"

"Yes." Her voice was toneless. "Is it far?"

"Not very. But it's pretty dense."

He went ahead leading Barker. It was slow going. The air was hot and very still. Gay was very weary and began to stumble slightly. She heard Rufus say cheerfully:

"Now, listen, I want you to ride the rest of the way. I'll leave these things here and come back for them later."

He unloaded most of Barker's pack and lifted her into the saddle.

FOR another five minutes or so they plodded on without a break, then reaching a clearing through which could be seen the open country. Another couple of hundred yards on they were out on the plains.

"Rather lovely, isn't it?" said Rufus Webb unexpectedly. "What do you think of it?"

She slid off Barker. "I'm not in the mood to admire scenery."

"You can unsaddle Barker while I get some tea ready. There's water in that creek over there." He handed her a billy. "Fill this for me, will you? And watch where you're walking."

She took Barker to the creek. While he drank she walked a little farther up and filled the billy. By the time she got back to Rufus Webb a fire was alight and stakes driven into the ground.

"It's a pity I knocked that chap out." His voice was regretful. "I meant to get some chops and things in Marysville. Now we'll have to make do with mostly tinned stuff."

After they had finished the meal she leaned back against the tree-trunk, gradually losing that listlessness that had possessed her.

He lit a cigarette and smoked in silence. Presently he took a faded sheet of paper from his pocket and began to study it absorbedly. Suddenly her interest flamed. She leaned forward.

"Is that a map showing Barstow's hiding-place?" she asked.

"Yes. Barstow gave it to my great-grandfather."

"So he did hide him from the police after all?"

"What? Oh, yes." He stood up, looked round the plains for a moment, and sat down again under the tree. "Let me see. This is north. This will be north-east. I'm hanged if I know what this hieroglyphic means."

"How long do you think this will take?"

"I don't know. Perhaps a day, a couple of days. It all depends on the accuracy of this map and any changes in the landscape."

"A couple of days." She felt a rising sense of panic. "I can't stay here for a couple of days. I can't stay here to-night."

"Why not?" His head was bent over the map.

"Don't you see why not? What's going to happen to my reputation?"

"If it's your reputation you're worrying over I'll marry you," he said, with apparent absent-mindedness. "Now, be a good girl and stop chattering or I won't."

She gasped. "You're crazy. I wouldn't marry you if you were——"

He looked up laughing. "I know, I know. You wouldn't marry me if I were the last man alive. You just can't help being dramatic, can you, Gay?"

"I think you're quite mad."

She lapsed into sullen silence. Presently he got up and moved away. She saw him studying a formation of rocks in the distance. For a while she watched him drowsily, and finally, thoroughly tired and hot, drifted into a restless sleep. She awoke later to the sound of hammering. About ten yards away Rufus Webb was pounding tent stakes into the ground.

"Hello," he called out, seeing her stir. "I think I've found the place."

"What place?"

"Where Barstow's stuff is. It all depends now on how right I am, and how far I have to dig."

After the tent was up he made several journeys into the bush, emerging each time with a chaff bag full of dry leaves and bracken.

"What's that for?" she called out.

"You. To sleep on," he said briefly. "By the way, don't you think it's time you did some work? How about getting something to eat? The fire's alight."

Please turn to page 19

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Mystery Stalks the Roof

By... THEODORA DU BOIS

A drawing-pin provides Anne with a very unwelcome theory.

"You got an awful lot of shoes here, Mrs. McNeill," the police officer said suspiciously.

THE police had gone inside, to start on an exhaustive search of the house from the ground floor upwards.

I said to Bud: "If only Jeffrey were here! I know that he should examine the attic thoroughly."

Bud said. "All right, then, we'll do it. If they work up from the bottom we'll work down from the top."

"And Jeffrey wanted to examine all Mrs. Vinson's shoes," I said. "He seemed to think there might be traces of fluorescein on some of them."

"Okay, we'll get her shoes, too. Come on, let's not waste any more time."

As we came into the house by the front door, we heard loud, authoritative voices and saw husky blue-uniformed bodies grouped around the coat closet down the hall by Doctor Burch's study.

The officers had been searching for suspicious objects in that unlikely spot, and had unearthed, apparently, two more Tyrolean capes. The similarity of these to the one we had found on the roof after Alex Walshied fell off it puzzled them greatly. They were arguing and conjecturing about them when Bud and I very quietly and quickly made our way upstairs.

Nobody, fortunately, was in the second-floor hall, and Mrs. Vinson's door was unlocked. Bud and I went in and closed the door behind us. There was a large wardrobe, on the floor of which we saw a jumble of shoes.

I said: "I wonder how long it would take that fluorescein to work. I mean, if it had been injected the day before, would it still be potent? What shoes would she be apt to have been wearing?"

Bud said: "We can't possibly tell that. Take the whole works."

There were some twelve or fourteen pairs, I suppose, including slippers. I did not want to go through the hall and upstairs with my arms full of Mrs. Vinson's shoes. So I went to her bed, took a pillow out of its case, and dumped the shoes in the case. Then we went to the door and listened for footsteps or voices outside. There were none, so we slipped out and up the next flight unmolested.

"I suppose they will be investigating our rooms for suspicious clues," Bud said. "You'd better put these shoes with yours."

"They're sizes larger than mine," I told him; but, nevertheless, I followed his suggestion.

He stood at the door listening for sounds from downstairs. "They're coming up to the next floor," he said. "We'd better get busy at the attic right away."

Nothing had been moved in the attic. We closed the door into the hall and stood in the dim, long room.

I said: "We'll have to hurry, Bud. We don't want them to come up and find us sleuthing around here."

He was sitting on a trunk, scowling a little. He said: "Yeah, but we want to think this out, too. Let's go and look out on the roof."

We made our way between trunks and boxes toward the other end of the attic. I bumped my hip on one of the corners of a cedar chest. There was very little space in which one could walk. I sat on a box of books while Bud opened the door out on to the roof. Again sunlight struck us forcibly, and we stood for a moment blinking, looking out.

"Could a nail have been fixed out here for her to step on?" I asked.

Bud said: "How could it? You couldn't get under the tin and hammer it up through. And, anyway, remember that Jeffrey said he didn't see how enough fluorescein would adhere to a nail's point."

We turned back into the attic, and for a moment or two could see nothing, coming from such strong light into darkness. We started back between the trunks and I bumped my hip again in the same place.

"They certainly haven't left much room for a passage-way," I said.

Bud said excitedly, "Look—I think I'm getting it! The trunks and boxes have been piled up here, leaving only a very narrow path along which anyone must walk who wants to get to the roof. There is barely more than foot-room."

I said: "Yes, and Mrs. Vinson was the person who came most frequently out to this roof, and she had to go through this attic. And I remember that one day when I was ill she was fussing about how the trunks and chests had been dragged about."

"Who dragged them about?" he asked.

I was feeling as great excitement now as he was. I said: "Almost everybody in the house was up here: Mrs. Murray had to get grey flannel trousers for Bobbie—or else put them away in moth balls; Mr. Fargo was looking for blankets; Polly Smith, of course, keeps her medical supplies here; Doctor Burch — I don't remember his going in there—yes, I do, though; he came up one day to look over the medical supplies."

"How about Jill and Keyes?"

"I think they went in there, too, to get some clothes for Bobbie. I can't remember exactly. I do wish Jeffrey were here."

"We're getting on fine," Bud said. "Somebody built up these trunks to leave only the narrowest of paths, and then put something in the path for Mrs. Vinson to step on. That's clear."

"But what did she step on?"

"We've got to find out. Light the electric light, and we'll hunt."

I said: "What if the police come? They'll be here in a minute."

But he didn't hear me. He was scrambling over some chests and beginning to search the floor, so I followed suit.

We had found some marbles, and a penny, a small toy plane, various hairpins, some string, bits of paper, some old forget-me-nots that had been hat-trimming, some bits of ribbon, when the door opened and Officer O'Conner, the tall, Swedish-looking officer, and the small, irritable one stepped in.

I straightened up, blew my hair away from my face, and wished I were not so dirty. The men looked at us with distrust.

"And what are you doing up here now, Mrs. McNeill?" O'Conner asked.

Bud said: "I lost a collar button, officer, and we're hunting for it. It was an extremely valuable gold one with a diamond in it that had belonged to my great-grandfather, who was in the Civil War."

The men were annoyed. The small one said, "You think you're funny, don't you, young feller." But there was not much for them to say or to do to us.

Another officer loomed in the doorway and said: "Say, it's a funny thing that Mrs. Vinson didn't seem to have no shoes. We can't find a pair in her closet."

"Perhaps they're in one of the trunks here," Bud suggested. "All the people in the house kept their spare clothes in these trunks and boxes."

O'Conner said impatiently: "She's gotta have shoes, and she wouldn't have been fool enough to have kept them a whole flight away from her bedroom, upstairs. Somebody's took them."

"Well, come on, let's hunt here now we're up here," the Swede said.

So they began to search. They moved trunks about and shoved boxes. Bud and I watched them. I was sitting on a box very near the door out on to the roof. I was sorry that they were disturbing everything, because I had wanted Jeffrey to see the narrow path from the door in the hall to the door in the roof.

Our intriguing serial

It was after they had pushed the cedar chest aside that I saw something down on the floor near a crack between two boards. I waited until the police were all engaged in lifting boxes about, until none of their eyes were on me. Then, very quickly, I leaned over, picked up that small object, and held it closed in my hand.

"Come on, Bud," I said. "We'll have to wash and dress for lunch."

We went out, and into my room. The closet door was open and the rear and legs of a large officer were backing out. He had in his hands a lot of my shoes and several of Mrs. Vinson's. He sat on the floor and looked up at us.

He said, "You got an awful lot of shoes here, Mrs. McNeill."

"Yes," I said, "I like to have plenty."

He was looking into some of them suspiciously. He said, "Yeah, but how come some of them are size six and some size four?"

Bud said: "My sister has lost a lot of weight this winter. That's why she is up here; for a rest."

"Yeah, but you don't lose weight in your feet, do you?" the man asked.

"My sister did," Bud answered sweetly. "Look, officer, do you suspect us of making away with Mrs. Vinson on the roof there?"

"There's no thought of that at all," he answered, and with difficulty hoisted his blue bulk up from the floor. "Okay, then, they're all your shoes, Mrs. McNeill." He brushed dust off his trousers, said, "Sorry to have disturbed you," and went out into the hall.

I said, "Not at all," and closed the door after him with my left hand.

Bud said: "What's happened? You look as if you'd hit on something."

I said: "I may have. I found something on the floor," and opened my hand.

Lying on the palm was a green-headed drawing-pin. We looked at it, and Bud said, "There's a reddish substance on the point and shaft, Anne."

And I said, "There is."

"And look!" Bud exclaimed. "The shaft has had two notches filed in it!"

"So that more of the red stuff will stick to it!"

"Yes, of course!" We were both at a peak of excitement, and yet I felt frightened and ill.

"Do you suppose that red is fluorescein?" Bud asked.

I said: "We can't tell until Jeffrey comes and we try it out with the ultra-violet lamp. But what else could it be, Bud? Why should a drawing-pin have two notches filed in it?"

"Exactly—and why should it be smoared with this dried, reddish paste?"

I said, "I'll wrap it up in paper and keep it in my jewel box until Jeffrey comes back."

Then, looking at it, I wished with all my heart that I had never found it, because I remembered who, in this house, used green-headed drawing-pins.

"I suppose I should tell the police," I said to Bud. "I suppose it is my duty to give them any evidence that we find."

"But it may not be evidence," he objected. "It may be just any old drawing-pin somebody lost here in 1905. It would be silly to rush off to the police until we're sure about it."

"I think I'll telephone Jeffrey," I told Bud, "and tell him and ask him what to do." So I sat down on the edge of the bed and called up the hospital, but Jeffrey was not there. Then I called up the house and he was not there, either, but it was nice to talk with the nurse, and she held Michael up to the telephone and he made pleasant sounds of greeting which were comforting to hear.

After that Bud and I got ready for lunch and went down. At the foot of the stairs in the front hall we came upon Doctor Otis and the district attorney talking together. They looked at us, and Doctor Otis said, courteously, "I wish Doctor McNeill had not had to leave today, Mrs. McNeill."

"We'd like to talk with him about this situation," the district attorney said.

"Have you found anything of importance?" I asked, and felt guilty, thinking of the drawing-pin.

They said that they had found nothing, and that was the trouble.

"We found that all Mrs. Vinson's shoes had disappeared," Doctor Otis said, and looked at me questioningly.

I said: "I took them out of her closet. My husband wants to examine them for traces of fluorescein." It seemed wisest to confess that now.

I could tell that Bud, who was standing beside me, felt I had made a mistake, but Otis and the district attorney looked relieved.

"That's okay, then, Mrs. McNeill," Otis said. "But you know, frankly I don't think there's much in this theory of Doctor McNeill's. It seems far-fetched to me."

"I don't even see it as a murder," the district attorney said. "O'Conner and the State Police think it was. They think somebody held her and inoculated the stuff into her—or else that the sedative the nurse gave her knocked her out cold, and then it was done."

"But it wasn't a sedative," Bud objected.

"So she says," Otis said.

"But you're not going to arrest her, surely?" I asked.

"No," the district attorney replied. "We can't make any arrests yet. If your husband's fluorescein theory could be proved—I mean, if the hypodermic turned up—then we have some definite ideas to work on."

I thought of that drawing-pin wrapped in paper in my jewel box.

"As it is," Otis said, "we can't hold anybody yet."

A maid appeared at the dining-room door and began to beat the gong for lunch.

Four times during the afternoon and evening I tried to get hold of Jeffrey in town, but he was not at home and the hospital was unable to trace him.

At dinner Mrs. Murray looked haggard and harassed and, I noticed, ate scarcely anything. She went up to her room immediately afterward. In fact, none of us stayed in the living-room more than half an hour after dinner.

Bud retired to his room to write and I undressed, got into bed, and read.

Just as I was about to turn out my light, Bud tapped at the door from the bathroom into my room.

"Look!" he said excitedly. "I've got an idea. We don't have to wait for Jeffrey to find out about that drawing-pin. We can attach the ultra-violet lamp ourselves and see if the point is covered with fluorescein."

We could, of course. It was strange that I had not thought of it before.

I put on my bathrobe, got out of bed, got the drawing-pin, and then took the lamp from the lowest bureau drawer where Jeffrey had left it. Bud put the plug in an outlet, and I turned on the lamp. Bud took it from me, and I held the pin in the palm of my hand again.

The palm of the hand glowed with a silver fluorescence. The tack did not glow at all.

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GOOD-NIGHT, GALATEA

By...

GENE MARKEY

THAT'S the way to handle a woman," said Humphrey Kip. "Just the way that fellow did."

We were coming out of a picture theatre after midnight, and above the marquee a workman on a ladder was taking down huge electric letters that spelled PYGMALION.

As we got into his car Humphrey elaborated upon this theme. "I've searched the world over," he said, "and never found the right woman. She simply doesn't exist. So what's the answer? The answer is to create her. Just as that fellow in the picture did."

I remarked that it was a pleasant idea, though slightly fanciful. He had tried it once himself, if I recalled, and it had not worked out so well. When he married Aldys Fane he had attempted to "make her over"—and six months later she had left San Francisco with a divorce and a settlement of half a million dollars.

"But Aldys was too stubborn, too spoiled," he argued. "Europe and all that cafe society. It was too late to change her. What I mean is, you take a very young girl——"

"You take her."

"No, I'm serious." I could see he was. "A really young girl—one that's never been anywhere. Intelligent, you know, but not too set in her ways."

"And you will mould her," I said, "into the perfect woman."

"It could be done." Humphrey nodded thoughtfully.

The car was stopping in front of an antique shop, and I noticed that the lights inside were still burning. When we got out of the car, wild squawking, tootling music was coming from the Elysian Dance Palace on the corner. Above the entrance hung a scarlet banner:

JITTERBUG CONTEST TONITE
CASH PRIZES

"People who do that kind of dancing should be in lunatic asylums," said Humphrey. He was always making statements like that.

I followed him into the antique shop, where he bought a Swiss cuckoo clock for ninety dollars. The proprietor told us it was a genuine Schmichling.

To me that seemed a lot of money for it. However, Humphrey, being president of Kip Klox, Inc., knew more about such things. His grandfather's millions had come from manufacturing alarm clocks; but by the time Humphrey inherited the business alarm clocks could be bought in any drug store for ninety-eight cents, so he had undertaken the renaissance of the cuckoo clock. Kip Kukoo Klox were advertised everywhere. And he owned the largest collection of Swiss cuckoo clocks in America.

When we walked outside to get in the car something was happening at the Elysian Dance Palace. The music stopped abruptly, a woman screamed—and out the door bounded two rushing figures. Behind them, yelling, sprinted several men.

A police whistle blew. Humphrey, unperturbed by this commotion, was just stepping into his car with the package containing the genuine Schmichling when something hit him. The genuine Schmichling flew out of his hands—and shattered on the sidewalk with a faint, despairing cuckoo—as a girl flung herself past him, into the car.

"Quick!" she gasped. "Get in."

Humphrey appeared flabbergasted. "What — what's the meaning of this?"

"You fool! Get in!" There was desperate excitement in her voice. "The cops are after me!"

We got in. She was crouching on the floor of the car. I told Humphrey's chauffeur to drive on.

"Here—wait!" Humphrey struggled to open the door. "I can't leave that Schmichling——"

"Who?" demanded the girl on the floor.

"It's a very valuable cuckoo clock——"

She sat up, her wide eyes scornful. "You mean you'd see me thrown in gaol—for a cuckoo clock?"

The car lurched forward, and Humphrey and I were flung back on the seat. In a few seconds we had turned down a side street. I looked back. We were not being pursued.

"It's all right," I said. "You can sit up here, now."

As she crawled up on the seat between us I got a look at her for the first time. She was quite small. That tight, striped jersey she wore, and the short skirt, showed a trim figure and good legs. She had an impertinent little face with large eyes and an uptilted nose and a pretty mouth.

I offered her a cigarette, but she said she never used them. Then I asked her what had happened at the Elysian Dance Palace—that is, if she cared to tell us.

"Sure," she answered simply. "Eddie took a sock at the manager. He's my boy friend. Eddie Turk. Well"—she shrugged—"sort of a boy friend. We've danced in a lot of these contests together. I came up here from L.A. for this one. Sat up all night in the bus. First prize was fifty bucks. We practised six hours to-day. I didn't have any sleep—didn't eat since breakfast . . ." She seemed to want to talk about it, and her voice had an edge of indignation. "Well, we were cutting to-night for three hours straight——"

"Cutting?" interrupted Humphrey, staring at her.

"Rug-cutting, if you want to be old-fashioned." She threw him an impatient glance. "Jitterbugging. We got into the final—they give it to you on applause, you know — and Eddie and I got more than the other couple. But that cockroach of a manager gave it to 'em. Were we mad!" She made an angry little gesture. "So Eddie took a sock at him. He's always taking a sock at somebody," she added.

I ventured the hope that Eddie had eluded the law.

"Don't worry about that guy!" She grinned. "He can run like an antelope. It's because he's trained so much," she explained. "He's been fighting prelims at the Dreamland Rink. Welterweight. He ought to quit, though. It'd be a shame to see that nose flattened. Anyway, I think the fight game is a fool way to earn

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The right girl simply does not exist, Humphrey told himself. And so, as a solution, he set out to create her.

"Hope you enjoyed the fun!" Jigs said mockingly, as Aldys marched disdainfully away.

a living, don't you, Mr. ——" she hesitated and turned to Humphrey. "Say—I don't know your name."

Humphrey looked uncomfortable. He was one of those men who dislike giving their right names for fear of consequences. I introduced both of us.

"Glad to meet you," she said. "My name's Pinney. Jigs Pinney. It's really Amarillo Pinney—I was born in Amarillo, Texas—but they called me Jigs because I could dance before I could walk."

Then she told us she had been in Hollywood, working as a dancer in musicals. But so were eight thousand other girls, and there weren't enough musicals to go around. The old story, she said. But she didn't feel sorry for herself.

The car had stopped at the old Kip house. It was a vast architectural atrocity of red stone, that Kip Klox money had built the year after the Fire. It was rumored to have twenty bedrooms, but Humphrey lived there alone. That is, if a man with two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks can be said to live alone. Also, he had several servants.

"One thing isn't clear to me," Humphrey spoke up. "If it was this fellow Eddie who struck the dance-hall manager, why were you running away? You did nothing wrong."

"Unless you could call conking him with my shoe wrong," said Jigs.

"Great heavens," exclaimed Humphrey, "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Then you're learning, chum." She was very nonchalant about it. "A high-heeled shoe is as good as a blackjack any day."

Humphrey was looking at Jigs in something of a quandary.

"Jigs," I said, "where do you go from here?"

She shrugged. "Your guess is as good as mine."

Then, to his credit, Humphrey did the handsome thing. "Come in," he said. "We'll have some supper and talk it over."

It is possible that Jigs had never before eaten supper under a Gobelin tapestry, in a dining-room larger than a bus station; but she gave no sign of being impressed. There was nothing wrong with her appetite. Humphrey appeared amazed, watching her eat. She would touch none of his champagne, so Humphrey drank the whole bottle.

He was in a cheerful mood as we filed into the Clock Room. The walls were covered with two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks, of every shape and size, all making a frantic chatter. As Humphrey climbed around winding them, one by one, he gave a discourse on their history and value. I noticed Jigs yawning.

We strolled into the oak-panelled library, and Jigs yawned again, but showed no intention of going. Perhaps it was because she had no place to go. Instead, she curled up like a cat on the divan in front of the fire. I saw Humphrey signalling to me, and I followed him out into the hall.

"Well," he demanded in a loud whisper, "what are we going to do with her?"

I had been giving this some thought. "Do you," I said, "remember the movie to-night? Do you recall your remarks—about never finding the right girl? 'The answer is to create her. A really young girl—intelligent, but not too set in her ways.' Well?"

Humphrey frowned gravely.

"Jigs is certainly intelligent," I went on. "And no one could say she's too set in her ways."

"M-m . . . I see what you mean." A strange gleam had come into his eye. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. Humphrey was one of those men who can't make decisions without snapping their fingers. We went back into the library. But the excitement of the night—or perhaps the supper—had been too much for Jigs. She lay there, sound asleep, firelight dancing in the gold of her hair. Humphrey fetched a fur motor-rug from the hall closet, and spread it over her gently. Then we tip-toed out.

. . . . . .

At seven o'clock next morning the telephone rang in my ear. It was Humphrey—and he sounded distressed. Would I come out at once? He was standing on the steps when I drove up in a taxi.

"She doesn't understand," he said. "Apparently she mistrusts my motives. When I offered to let her live here in the house she got very angry. I thought she was going to take off her shoe and hit me!"

"But you should have offered it as a job——"

"It is a job," Humphrey declared earnestly. "I'm willing to pay her twenty-five dollars a week, with room and board—as a sort of secretary, to help me with the notes on my book."

Jigs was in the library, walking up and down, plainly angry.

"Helping him with his book!" she scoffed. "It sounds phoney to me. Has he ever written a book before?"

"No," I said, "but we all have to start some time."

"'The Life of William Tell,' for crying out loud! What kind of a book is that for a guy to write?"

Patiently I pointed out that Switzerland was Humphrey's hobby. He had fallen in love with Switzerland several years ago while travelling there. That accounted for his passion for cuckoo clocks. All his servants were Swiss. He had changed the name of his factory town from Kipville to Little Switzerland.

"The guy must be nuts," said Jigs.

Humphrey walked in then. "Well?" He smiled benevolently.

I asked Jigs if she wouldn't reconsider, and accept his offer.

"It's the screwiest deal I ever listened to," she shrugged. "But a girl has to eat."

. . . . . .

A week passed before I saw Jigs or Humphrey again. One afternoon I dropped by the house, and found Humphrey at his desk in the library. He seemed more cheerful than usual, as he reported to me that the book was progressing splendidly.

Jigs came in then, and I scarcely recognised her. The unruly curls were drawn into a plain knot, and she was wearing a simple little black frock set off by a white collar and cuffs. Gone were the barbaric long vermilion finger-nails. She had on almost no lipstick. She greeted me, and placed a large book in front of Humphrey.

"You'll find what you're looking for on page 423," she said.

"Thank you, Jigs." He beamed at her.

At that moment the ash from my cigar fell on his desk. Humphrey was one of those tidy bachelors. If anybody moved a paperweight two inches, Humphrey could not sit down until he had moved it back to its proper place. That sort of thing. As I watched him fussily wiping up my cigar ashes, I apologised.

"Let it go," said Jigs crisply. "What harm can a few ashes do? Good for moths. The trouble with you," she told Humphrey, "you're a picture-straightener. According to doctors, it's the first sign of insanity. Guys that're too neat wind up in the looney bin."

With that she went out. Humphrey frowned—but he made no further effort to tidy up his desk.

"How's she doing?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm going to change her. Definitely." He coughed. "I've started her on a course of studies to improve herself. Each afternoon she has an hour of etiquette and an hour of eurythmics."

I think that was the week Humphrey began having fun. It was also my introduction to Eddie Turk. Jigs and I were walking one morning up Pacific Avenue, where it is possible to look out upon the splendor of the Golden Gate, when a strange cavalcade turned the corner. A battered old car came rattling along, and behind it jog-trotted a huge negro and a medium-sized young man muffled in a green sweater and grey pants.

As they passed I saw there were letters on the back of the young man's sweater spelling: EDDIE TURK.

At the same instant Jigs squealed: "Eddie!"

He halted, and the old car shook to a stop, and the negro sat down on the kerb. "Hi," said Eddie Turk, and walked over to us.

"Well, Miss Houdini," he greeted Jigs, "where did you disappear to?"

"How d'you like that?" Jigs winked at me. "A guy runs out on a lady—leaves her practically in the cops' clutches—and now he has the nerve to ask where she disappeared to!"

But Eddie Turk, the welterweight fighter, did not smile. His cold blue eyes were staring at me suspiciously. Jigs introduced us. He nodded curtly without shaking hands. I could see he didn't like me, and Jigs must have seen it, too, for she at once identified me as a friend of her employer, Mr. Kip. She had tact, that girl, even social grace. I was amazed at the blithe way she explained her job, and talked Mr. Turk out of his hostile mood.

"I'm fighting Kid Nazarro next week," he said conversationally.

"Watch out for that left hand of his," advised Jigs.

"I'll murder him," said Mr. Turk. He was not a modest young man. The driver of the battered car honked the horn then, and the big negro stood up.

"Get on with your road-work," Jigs smiled sweetly, "before you fall apart."

"Tell you what you do, honey——" the cold blue eyes frowned at her, "call me at Kelly's to-night, and we'll put on the feed-bag."

"I might do that," said Jigs.

"You better," said Eddie Turk.

Jigs and I picked up Humphrey and took him to lunch on Fisherman's Wharf. Humphrey said it was a horrible place. Horrible people——

"And maybe they think you're not so hot," Jigs interrupted. "Anyway, it's the greatest food you ever ate."

It was. We sat at an open counter in the May sunshine, and ate dozens of fresh shrimp and crab-legs. Humphrey was beginning to enjoy himself. He admitted that you couldn't get such shrimp and crab at the club.

Afterwards Jigs took us to Winterland, the ice-skating rink. This was another place Humphrey would have avoided. He lacked the common touch—but Jigs had it. Humphrey had never skated in his life. Jigs was wonderful at it, and she went to work on Humphrey. His clothes were wet from the falls he took, but by the end of the afternoon he was skating hand-in-hand with Jigs—and loving it. I watched Jigs. She was loving it, too.

Humphrey had invited me to dinner on Saturday, the following week, and as I waited for a taxi I bought the evening paper and glanced swiftly through the headlines. Then I saw another interesting news item. Humphrey's ex-wife, Aldys, had just returned to San Francisco. There was a glamorous picture of her.

I watched Humphrey stirring a martini for me before dinner. He had always done more than his share of drinking—but Jigs had suggested that if he would give it up his indigestion would disappear. So Humphrey was on the waggon, and looking healthier than I had ever seen him. Very casually I asked him if he knew that his ex-wife had come back to town. I expected him to be surprised.

Please turn to page 8

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Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Yes, and I always shall!

Macleans Tooth Paste is thoroughly cleansing and has a most refreshing flavour. You may have difficulty in buying your normal supplies of Macleans, because of service requirements. So make your tube go as far as possible . . . only a little is required to make and keep your teeth sparkling white.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE

"British to the teeth"

Good-night, Galatea

Continued from page 7

"ALDYS?" He turned to me with a bland smile. "She's dining with us!"

Aldys made an effective entrance. She was tall and sleek, rather Spanish-looking.

"Angel!" she exclaimed as she kissed Humphrey. Then Jigs came in. Humphrey introduced them.

It didn't require a psycho-analyst to see that they hated each other on sight. They were complete opposites: where Jigs was simple and straightforward, Aldys was complex and clever. I saw that she was making a point of being charming to Jigs, but Jigs couldn't take it. She got out of the room quickly.

"Humphrey, angel," Aldys gushed, "your little secretary couldn't be sweeter."

Humphrey looked relieved when dinner was announced. Jigs did not appear again. I have seen some good actresses in my day, but never have I watched a better performance than Aldys gave at the table. This whole situation was puzzling. Six months ago I had read that she was engaged to a stockbroker in New York. Had she returned to San Francisco merely to get Humphrey's blessing for her new marriage?

But before the soup was served I knew why she had returned. She wanted Humphrey back again! And if I knew that predatory nature of hers, she would allow nothing to stand in the way of her getting him.

. . . . . .

During the next few days I found myself thinking a great deal about Jigs. Perhaps it was because I was worried about her that I made an excuse to return a book on Switzerland Humphrey had insisted on loaning me—and which I had no intention of reading. They were in the library, Jigs and Humphrey, looking at an array of architectural drawings spread around the room. "These are the sketches for remodelling Little Switzerland," he explained enthusiastically. At that moment I discovered how much good sense Jigs really had.

"It's going to cost two million dollars," she spoke up. "And for what? Did it ever occur to you that if they wanted to live in Swiss houses they'd have stayed in Switzerland? They're happy in American houses. Why don't you keep 'em happy—and keep your two million bucks at the same time?"

Even Humphrey had to admit that this made sense. "Maybe I shouldn't go through with it," he agreed. "I only wanted the town to look more like Switzerland because I think I've hit on a way to double our business."

He opened a drawer of his desk, and, with the air of a vaudeville magician, produced a cuckoo clock. "Listen!" He pressed a spring. Out popped the little mechanical bird—but instead of chirping cuckoo it chirped ma-cracken.

"Hear that? That's the California quail!" Humphrey said excitedly. "Do you realise what it means? It means you'll be able to buy a clock that will reproduce your favorite bird-call! I tell you," he exclaimed, "it may revolutionise the entire clock industry! And," he added proudly, "I thought of it all myself!"

Jigs and I looked at each other. Gustav, the timid Swiss butler, came in then and said that Mrs. Kip was on the telephone. Humphrey excused himself—a trifle sheepishly, I thought—and hurried out of the room, closing the door.

"Bird-calls," muttered Jigs, and sighed deeply.

"I know how you feel," I said.

"Listen——" her eyes were growing stormy. "I've done all I could for that guy!"

I stared at her. She had done all she could for him? And then suddenly it hit me. This was Pygmalion in reverse. Humphrey had not changed Jigs, it was Jigs who had changed Humphrey! She was essentially no different from the girl who had jumped in our car that night. But Humphrey was different. Very different! Through my mind flashed the changes that had come over him—all due to Jigs' influence. She had taught him the common touch. He was having fun for the first time in his life.

"Old Humphrey," I began, "is——"

"I'm pretty sick of Old Hump!" she cried rebelliously. "The afternoons I've wasted on what he calls improving myself! That 'eurythmics'!—walking around for hours with a book on my head! And those etiquette lessons! 'You are hostess at a charming little dinner for fourteen,'" she mocked. "'Among your guests is the Portuguese Ambassador!' I ask you! What good will that ever do me? What would I be doing with the Portuguese Ambassador?" She threw out her arms in a scornful gesture. "And these clothes he got me to wear! Nothing but black! I look as if I'm on my way to a Mexican funeral!"

"Humphrey," I said, "is very fond of you."

"Nuts!" She was furious now. "Since that long-necked porch-climber came back to town——"

"Porch-climber?"

"That ex-wife of his! Every time she calls him on the phone he jumps like a mechanical duck!"

"Jigs," I said gently, "you're jealous!"

"Me?" She attempted a disdainful laugh. It wasn't entirely successful.

Humphrey came in then. "Let's see," he began, "what were we talking about——"

"Bird-calls," said Jigs, in a voice that stopped him in his tracks. She walked over to the telephone and dialled a number.

"Hello? Kelly's Gymnasium?" She was very cool and self-possessed. "I want Eddie Turk."

. . . . . .

We motored down to the country for dinner, Aldys and Humphrey and I. It was Aldys' idea "just to drive past" their old house in Burlingame. When we got back to town Humphrey went off the waggon. Aldys helped him. I saw her give him a large glass—Humphrey called it a bird-bath—filled with champagne and brandy. I knew then she would have him on the dotted line before midnight.

When I went out in the hall to telephone for a taxi, I heard the front door open. It was Jigs! She had come back! I don't know why I should have been so pleased about it—but I was. She had on the tight little striped jersey and short skirt she had been wearing the night we met her. Eddie Turk was with her. Neither of them had seen me.

"Listen, sweetheart," Eddie Turk was saying, "the bus leaves in an hour. We'll be in Hollywood by eight in the morning. It's a big musical picture, and they'll be using a lot of girls." He sounded very persuasive. "Come on, we'll have some laughs."

"But," said Jigs doubtfully, "I'm not sure I want to leave here——"

"What's eating you, sugar?" He reached for her playfully. She backed away.

"I get it." He halted, frowning. "It's this guy, Kip. You're stuck on him!"

"Don't be silly!"

"You're not the same since you been here. Listen——" his voice was tough now. "Where is he? I'm gonna straighten him out——"

In a quick strategic move Jigs shut the door in his face. "Good-night, Mr. Terrible Turk," she called through the door. "Sweet dreams!"

When she turned and saw me she laughed. I was so glad to see her I kissed her. "You came back in the nick of time," I told her. "The cavalry to the rescue!" I steered her towards the Clock Room. "Aldys is getting in some fast work."

It was unfortunate that Humphrey should have been kissing Aldys—or vice versa—when we walked into the room. Aldys looked annoyed, and Humphrey embarrassed. Jigs was suddenly very pale. Aldys walked to the mirror and began putting on lipstick.

JIGS and Humphrey stood looking at each other. He showed the effect of those bird-baths.

"Look," said Jigs quietly, "don't you think you've had enough?" She held out her hand for his glass. "You'll be sick again——"

Then something startling happened. A man came bounding through the open french window. It was Eddie Turk. "Are you," he demanded truculently, "this guy Kip?"

"I am," said Humphrey, with a champagne dignity, "and do you mind going out and coming in through the front door, the way you should?"

"Yeh?" Eddie's cold blue eyes were dangerous. "First, I'm gonna straighten you out!"

Jigs screamed, "Eddie!"

But too late. Eddie had feinted with his left and let Humphrey have a right to the stomach. Humphrey went down—and out.

It all happened very quickly. Eddie walked to the window and turned to Jigs. "I'll wait for you five minutes." Then he went out.

Humphrey was panting and gasping like a sun-fish out of water. "Drink this, angel." Aldys held a glass of brandy to his lips.

"Let angel get his breath first," said Jigs, "or he'll choke."

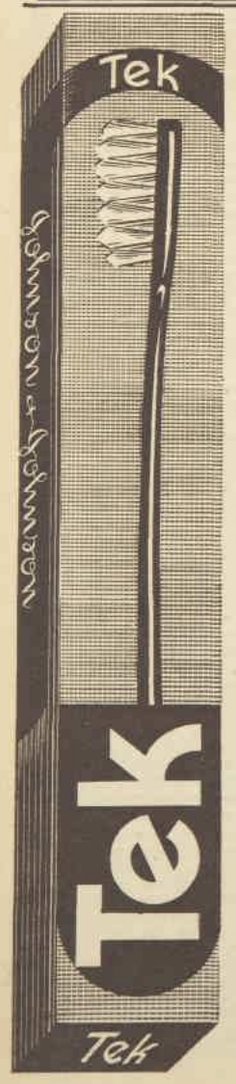
Aldys glared at her. "Why don't you go? Haven't you caused enough trouble——"

"I wouldn't leave him alone with you," Jigs retorted. "I'd be afraid you'd pick his pocket."

"How dare you speak to me that way!" Aldys jumped up, letting Humphrey's head drop on the floor. "You——!"

"Don't get tough with me," Jigs warned her. "I'm liable to tell why you came back to San Francisco. Old Hump, here, isn't smart enough to see through you—but his lawyer is. That's how I found out about you and the broker."

Please turn to page 31



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Product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Modess, Meds, etc.

Salute to Beauty

Women, gallantly serving their country, have little time for complicated beauty care. And so, it is good to remember that a few well-chosen Yardley aids will keep your skin clear and lovely . . . your lips bright with colour. Reassuring, too, is the knowledge that most fine stores and chemist shops have those Yardley aids in stock.

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Yardley Lavender, 1/3 to 17/3. Bond Street Complexion Powder, 4/4. English Complexion Cream, 6/4. Lavender Soap, large tablets, 1/10.

G-Y-10

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Movie World

● *Vivacious Jinx Falkenburg, who was America's number one photographic model, is now Columbia's most popular starlet. Jinx recently completed a Mexican goodwill tour, and within the last four weeks has appeared at twelve Army and Air Force camps in six south-western States. In addition, she has done six radio programmes and two personal appearance tours while working with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl." Most of her free evenings are spent at the Hollywood Canteen, where she is a hostess.*

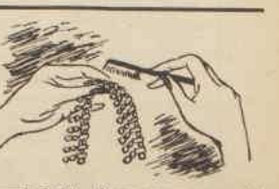
1. When you have finished with a beret, run a string through the hem around its seams, and use it over the head of a polishing mop It's easily removed for washing. And tack odd pieces of felt on corners of brooms to save skirting boards and furniture.

2. All grease marks in a boilable material can be removed by Persil's oxygen-charged suds. But for fabrics that can't be washed try *pure* eucalyptus.

3. When carpets and rugs start to fray at the edges paint the backs of the unravelled parts with gum arabic and brush the threads into place. Don't, of course, try to replace the carpet until quite dry!

4. Hand towels that are *really* worn out make good oven cloths. Double them lengthwise and machine round the edges.

5. When washing curtains, shake them thoroughly first. By washing them in Persil you help to make them last till the days of plenty. Persil is kind to the most delicate materials.



6. Don't throw away your old toothbrush when it gets soft. Keep one for cleaning your jewellery. Gold, silver, and nearly all stones (NOT pearls) are improved by brushing with a little whitening powder.

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Sparkling and Fresh

These qualities are easy to attain with Liquid Odorono, the surest way to stop perspiration.

Make the use of Odorono Liquid a once-a-week ritual and forget perspiration problems the rest of the week.

Odorono is a doctor's own prescription and perfectly safe to use. Two strengths: "Regular" the surest, "Instant" milder for those with especially sensitive skin.

ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2 and 3/9

● *Bing poses with his rarely photographed wife, charming Dixie Lee, and Lynn, youngest of his four sons.*

● *Men of the Crosby clan go bicycling. L. to R.: Lynn, Bing himself, Gary, Philip, and Dennis.*

● *At left. Latest studio portrait of Bing Crosby, Paramount's popular comedian and crooner.*

Crosby answers Bob Hope's racing libels

By BING CROSBY. Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly

BING CROSBY, the famous Paramount star, answers comedian pal Bob Hope in his own inimitable style and discusses his favorite hobby, racing—a trait which should endear him to the Australian public.

WHEN Bob Hope got home from Africa and Sicily recently, he told me he had met quite a few Australians who inquired "how Crosby's horses were doing." Of course, I have the man with the ski-snoot to thank for most of the libels which have been printed and broadcast about the Crosby stables, so undoubtedly he passed on a few more choice items of misinformation.

He said, among other things, that he had told the Aussies I'd be sending a string to race down in your country any day now, and that if they looked a little strange not to worry, because you couldn't tell the Crosby horses from wallabies, anyway.

My pal!

He's the one who said, after I'd sent what was left of my stable down to Mexico City before selling them, that Crosby's horses were doing much better in the high altitude there. (It's nearly 8000 feet, you know.) Yes, he remarked, some of them were now finishing fourth.

Of course, Hope didn't have a nickel to win or place when Don Bingo won the Suburban Handicap earlier this year, so he's no oracle.

Australian tracks

NATURALLY, I'd love to try out Australian tracks some time after the present mess is cleaned up, if shipping arrangements could ever be made. I made some fine friends in South America through this common interest, but conditions will have to change a little before I can prove Hope to be as completely on the lunatic fringe as usual when it comes to horseflesh.

Up on a piece of ground I own in Nevada, which we call a ranch, but which you would probably refer to as just a pasture, I have one or two pretty good prospects for the future. True, I did sell most of the original Binglin Stable in Mexico, because the U.S. Marines are now training at what used to be the Del Mar track, and racing doesn't contribute too much to the war effort in any case, but I've got my eye on a two-year-old colt which we've just christened "Going My Way," which is the title of my latest Paramount picture. Appropriate, eh? Now the colt may not turn out to be any Phar Lap, but we shall see, and perhaps some day we can reciprocate for the latter's ill-starred visit, but with far happier results.

And as for that Hope—well, he's not very bright, and I feel a little sorry for him at times, and try to give him a break with a small part in my pictures, so before too long you'll be getting a glimpse of him in "The Road to Utopia," with Dottie Lamour and yours truly.

They tell me it has an Alaskan gold-rush setting. If we get a good enough offer, though, perhaps we could change it to an Australian gold rush.

Do I hear any bids?

WEAR WHITE SHOES *with* Brown Legs

This is the season of stockingless legs . . . of brown limbs and white shoes. And they *must* be white! They *will* be if you use SHU-MILK, the perfect cleaner for all white shoes. It removes the dirt, dries quickly, leaves a gleaming white surface that won't rub off. Have your shoes *always* smart, with Shu-Milk.

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THE ARMY TOLD US OF HIS URGENT NEED . .

. . . the stories filtered through . . . privations of fighting men lost in the steamy New Guinea jungles.

Army experts acted quickly . . . an entirely new energy-packed food was needed . . . bulky foods would not do—space was too precious.

Mac.Robertson's huge organisation swung into action. Laboratory research and dietetic experiment went on night and day. Australia's foremost food specialists pooled their knowledge to produce the famous Emergency Ration.

You may never see Mac.Robertson's proudest achievement . . . Emergency Ration is the Mac.Robertson product that joined up—it's fighting food for fighting men.

Because the need is greater than ever, Mac.Robertson's regret that supplies of your favourite Quarter Pound Block are restricted.

MacRobertson's

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"It keeps my stove polished like new!"

There's simply nothing like Bon Ami for cleaning enamel and porcelain surfaces. It's *quick-acting*, yet it doesn't scratch . . . and it leaves a brilliant *polish* on baths, sinks, stoves and refrigerators. Keeps them looking like new! What's more, you can count on Bon Ami not to redden and roughen your hands. You will want to use it for all your household cleaning!

Bon Ami

quick, thorough, safe

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Presenting Lily Mars

1 **SMALL-TOWN GIRL** Lily Mars (Judy Garland) longs to be actress, but despite encouragement of mother (Spring Byington) and sisters, has no opportunity.

2 **LILY** crashes party given by producer John Thornway (Van Heflin), and sings.

3 **POSING** as a chorus girl, Lily goes to John's New York theatre, and he promises her a small role in his show.

4 **AT A NIGHT CLUB**, star of show, Isobel (Marta Eggerth), is furious when she overhears Lily doing burlesque of her song, and walks out on John.

5 **DESPITE** Lily's pleas, John realises she is too inexperienced to play the lead.

6 **GRIMLY** Lily sticks to her minor role, and John confesses his love for her, and promises to star her in his next big production.

Broadway romance set to music

MGM blend lilting melodies into Booth Tarkington's nostalgic tale of a small-town, stage-struck kid who resolves to make a success on Broadway, and succeeds in doing it.

Judy Garland is irresistible in the title role, and, for the first time, is co-starred with Van Heflin, easy and polished as the big-time producer.

European song-bird Marta Eggerth has a prominent role and scores in a couple of musical presentations. Bob Crosby and his band provide some sensational swing numbers.

Judy Garland is a protegee of director Norman Taurog, who is noted for his success in developing star material of the children who have been under his artistic wing. He is especially enthusiastic over Judy, and said, when directing this film: "She is the finest girl-actress of my experience. She has sweetness, charm, and humor. She is both a sparkling comedienne and a moving dramatic actress."

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DO YOU KNOW?

700,000 DUCATS FOR MONKEY'S TOOTH

The people of Ceylon and Malabar used to worship the teeth of elephants and monkeys. The Siamese once offered a Portuguese 700,000 ducats to redeem a monkey's tooth stolen by pirates from a sacred temple. Filipinos worshipped crocodiles' teeth, making images of them and setting them up in shrines.

BEAVERS have teeth which keep growing all the animal's life. Thus Nature makes up for the wearing down caused by the constant gnawing of logs.

ELEPHANTS' grinders replace themselves as worn out. When one grinder is worn down it is pushed out and subsequently a new one grows in.

MOUTH BREATHING often causes protruding front teeth. So does the habit of thumb-sucking, which causes unnatural development of the mouth and jaws.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Know why Kolynos helps prevent decay? It removes food deposits which are breeding grounds for decay germs. And antiseptic Kolynos is on its own for economy. Half an inch on a dry brush . . . that's plenty.

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"Forgive me lady, I threw your stockings to the commandos..."

Hero of air battles over New Guinea, one day this man may be free to tell you a fascinating story . . . a story of how the sacrifice of silk stockings by Australian women spun silken cords for parachutes to carry arms and equipment to beleaguered commandos in the heart of the jungle. In this War, as in the past World War, women of Australia would count such a sacrifice a little thing beside the freedom of their country . . . . There is no fairer page in our history than the story of the devotion and sacrifice of our womenfolk in the armed forces, in factories and offices, in canteens and hospitals . . . they are living and working and saving, so that one day soon peace and freedom will be safe again in this land we love.

Dedicated to the Women of Australia by **Prestige** *Makers of Fine Hosiery and Lingerie*

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Restful eyrie in hills for battle-weary airmen

R.A.A.F. CONVALESCENT DEPOT. Tired airmen relax in the sun outside this lovely place in the New Guinea hills.

Always a breeze at this R.A.A.F. convalescent depot in N. Guinea

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor and War Correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly

I have just visited an R.A.A.F. convalescent depot in the New Guinea hills. It is a glorious place—a home eyrie where weary and worn airmen can really fold their wings and rest awhile.

Men of the famous R.A.A.F. Vultee Vengeance dive-bombers which took part with the A.I.F. in the desperate advance to Salamaua, Lae, and Finschhafen, together with men of the R.A.A.F. transport squadron, were among the convalescents.

THE spaciousness of conception in the design of this depot accords well with the natural grandeur of its surroundings.

All under one roof, with wide, covered verandah-ways connecting its various sections, it is designed to get the full benefit of the magnificent views on every side.

Across the luxuriant jungle valley, the eye ranges to the towering Owen Stanleys, its higher peaks nearly always cloud-hidden.

There's always a cool breeze blowing through the airy gauzed wards, where the beds provide the comfort of inner-spring mattresses.

Commanding officer of the depot is Sydney doctor F/Lt. F. J. Collett.

As usual, the Red Cross has done great work in furnishing the recreation room with comfortable chairs, writing and games tables, library, and music. A public address system has been put in by the Australian Comforts Fund.

HAPPY GROUP of nurses and patients at the R.A.A.F. Convalescent Depot. Patients able to go out for hikes and picnics usually come home well supplied with papaws and bananas.

Pictures by
GORDON SHORT
Official War Photographer to the Department of Information.

In the sick ward, where the few patients not yet outdoors were mostly skin cases, the amplified music is a special boon.

The fly-proof kitchen is equipped with six kerosene frigidaires. Excellent sinks and washing-up benches were made by R.A.A.F. units, and the cooking is done with oil-burning stoves.

Fresh meat and vegetables figure on the menu as well as canned foods. Patients able to go for a hike in the jungle usually bring back papaws and bananas, and fresh issues are supplemented by some locally obtained.

Colorful moths and butterflies in the neighborhood supply a happy recreational interest. The moths, like all moths, come to light at night. Their gorgeous and delicately colored markings make them particular favorites.

The butterflies are captured with nets in the orthodox fashion.

Sister Lee (New South Wales), one of the two nursing sisters on duty at the depot, has become a great butterfly enthusiast, and has a beautiful collection.

Senior Sister Ward, of Melbourne, though not an active hunter, always takes an enthusiastic interest in the progress of the various collections.

SOFT BALL is a favorite game at the convalescent depot, which commands some of the most magnificent views in New Guinea.

TABLE TENNIS contest brings forth a good team of barrackers. The Red Cross has supplied much of the games equipment.

GENTLE EXERCISE. The C.O., F/Lt. Collett (standing), supervises grass planting by (left to right) LAC E. P. Marshall, Auburn, N.S.W.; LAC J. M. Checkley, Oakleigh, Vic.; and LAC A. P. S. Holmes, Cairns, Qld.

SISTER LEE shows her collection of moths and butterflies to some of her patients. Collecting has become a great hobby for patients and staff, who become very knowledgable about their catches.

NEW PATIENT is admitted when F/Lt. J. C. Waters (right), R.A.A.F., New Guinea Public Relations officer, arrives for a rest. He was formerly in the A.I.F.

SISTER WARD lights a cigarette for LAC E. R. Charlton, of Gosford, N.S.W., a convalescent crutches case. Boys soon feel better after a spell here.

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Editorial

DECEMBER 11, 1943

PROGRESS IN PACIFIC

VICTORIES by U.S. forces in the Gilbert Islands and by American and Australian troops in New Guinea provide a comforting contrast to the news that came to Australia just two years ago this week.

On the morning of Monday, December 8, 1941, we heard of the lightning blows struck by Japan in the Pacific.

Australia's position had changed overnight.

From being a fighting partner in a conflict far from her shores, this country became a land directly menaced from the near north.

For a long time the news was bad.

That first Christmas was shadowed by the fall of Hongkong on Christmas Day.

Australian troops in Malaya were being pushed relentlessly back to capture in Singapore.

The first bombs to fall on Australian soil smashed into Darwin in February, 1942. The Dutch East Indies fell.

All over Australia, blinds were drawn, lights were dimmed, and green lawns gashed with hastily dug trenches and shelters.

Sydney harborside suburbs were shelled. Japanese forces crept toward Moresby.

Invasion of these shores seemed imminent.

Then the tide began to turn. By heroic efforts, the Japanese were pushed back over the Owen Stanleys. The recapture of the Solomons began, New Guinea bases were reclaimed.

And mothers of young families ceased to wonder what night might bring to Australian skies.

So on this second anniversary of the outbreak of war in the Pacific, we can take stock of the situation and find comfort. The Allies have a long way to go yet to victory in this theatre, but at last they have begun to set the pace for the Japanese.

—THE EDITOR.

Soldiers help padre to build church

Chaplains in New Guinea work tirelessly seven days a week

Padres in New Guinea have a steady seven-days-a-week job. In forward areas they share the hardships and dangers of the troops to whom they minister.

"I've seen them trudging through the mud," a soldier told me, "with heavy packs up and sleeping on the ground in the worst jungle country."

"I'M not a particularly religious man," the soldier added, "but I must say they set an example and won the admiration of the boys.

"And you can always count on the Salvation Army to get hot tea and coffee up to the front line in record time. They're simply great."

In the Moresby area, a large part of the work of the padres is the visiting of the sick and wounded in the field hospitals. On our first Saturday afternoon in New Guinea we visited Padre L. W. A. Benn.

In spite of the heat he was working enthusiastically on the church which he hopes will be completed shortly.

"This church is being built by the kindness of 'scrounged' labor," he explained, as he rested his saw on the bench to talk with us.

"Officers of various units often lend me men for a few hours. Some are experienced carpenters and some aren't. But they're all keen workers.

"Whenever I can get a man for a day I'm glad to have his help.

"Hospital orderlies, who do so much monotonous and trying work in the course of duty, very often come over to lend a hand. As you see, we're getting the church well into shape now."

The church is in a hospital area, so the name chosen by the padre for it is particularly fitting — the Church of St. Luke, "the Beloved Physician."

It is the first church to be built in the area, though other churches have been opened in existing buildings.

Padre Benn has watched the rapid growth of the hospital in the past year.

"It has been a revelation in what can be accomplished," he said.

"A year ago there was not a road here, no electricity, and not a drop of water. Now we have electric light, septic tanks, and a fully equipped hospital."

Formerly of St. James' Church, Heyfield, Gippsland, Victoria, Padre Benn was four years with the A.I.F. before going to New Guinea.

Extensive ministry

HIS ministry here is extensive, and he often wishes the week could be stretched beyond seven days to help him solve the problem of getting time enough to discharge all his responsibilities to the Army personnel of nursing sisters, Aamws, and men, as well as to the patients.

Every Sunday he holds three regular services, and often others in the isolation wards.

On the Sunday of our visit, he administered private communions in the wards, and he has held two confirmation services.

His work among the men is very close to his heart.

"They are such splendid fellows," he says. "The sicker they are the more patient and uncomplaining they are.

"I have seen far worse sufferings here than I've ever seen anywhere else in my life.

"But, in spite of wounds and the exhausting jungle sickness, the men keep very cheerful and responsive."

"As an Anglican clergyman, I have only about half the men in my care. We have also in this hospital area a Roman Catholic chaplain and another for other denominations. All work the week round without respite.

"Of course, the constancy of the work tells on us, but it is a great privilege to have such a ministry.

"I've got to know the men here," he added, "even better than in the Middle East.

"They can't be beaten anywhere in the world. Their outstanding traits, sick or well, are mateship, courage, and a dauntless sense of humor."—A.J.

FIRST CHURCH to be erected in one area in New Guinea. To be called the Church of St. Luke, it is being built by Padre L. W. A. Benn, with the assistance of any Services personnel free to help him. Pte. G. D. Robson, of Wangaratta, Vic., was his assistant when this picture was taken.—Dept. of Information photo.

Books needed for C.C.C. workers

Hundreds of books and up-to-date magazines are still needed to meet the recreation needs of men working in lonely places for the Allied Works Council Civil Constructional Corps.

MOST of these men have no means of occupying their leisure until the C.C.C. Comforts Campaign can obtain enough books to supply all areas.

"Books of a very high standard are being contributed to our appeal," said Mrs. William Brown, organiser of the campaign.

"We have books already by a variety of good authors such as John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, J. B. Morton, Ian Hay, Beverley Nichols, and John Brophy.

"We have also received a beautifully bound copy of Wordsworth's poems with gilt-edged pages," she added.

Many letters promising support have been received. Mr. Don Thomson, secretary of the Building Trades Federation of Victoria, wrote: "It was decided that we should fully support your appeal for comforts for men of the C.C.C., who are doing a splendid job, for the people of Australia.

C.C.C. CAMP MESS-ROOM on one of the far northern islands off the Australian coast, where many of the workers have experienced bombing. A game of bridge is their only means of filling in the evenings.

The books were wrapped in waterproofed paper so that tropical rains would not spoil them in transit, and were all numbered by the Commonwealth Amenities Officer of the Allied Works Council so that the canteen officer in each camp could handle them as a library.

Magazines and papers will be placed on the tables in the recreation rooms.

Mrs. Brown said that any books sent by rail would be collected at the station.

Most people have books which they will not read again, magazines with which they have finished, and which would bring pleasure to these workers behind the lines.

Those wishing to donate books or games should take or send them to Allied Works Council offices in the capital city of the State in which they live.

The addresses are as follows:—

N.S.W.: Room 301, Third Floor, Rickard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Victoria: Room 2, Third Floor, Queensland National Bank Buildings, 281 Collins Street, Melbourne.

South Australia: C.C.C. Bureau, Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Queensland: 71 to 77 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

Western Australia: 361 Murray Street, Perth.

Christmas Card Art Union

SUPPLIES of Christmas cards in the Red Cross Xmas Card Art Union are nearly exhausted.

The Red Cross urgently requests all those who have any cards not yet sold, or not required, to return them immediately to Box 65, G.P.O., Sydney, or to Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place.

The Red Cross will be grateful for this co-operation, as it will ensure that no cards are left unsold.

Butts returned this week will ensure you a chance in the special Hollywood prize which will be drawn on December 15.

On that date a lucky number will be drawn, and will be put back in the barrel for the big drawing in the art union on January 27.

The special prize for the lucky number is the microscope, deerstalker cap, and pipe used by Basil Rathbone when he played Sherlock Holmes, and a complete volume of Sherlock Holmes stories autographed by Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce.

Basil Rathbone asked the Hollywood representative of The Australian Women's Weekly to send these articles to the Red Cross as a Christmas gift for an Australian boy or girl.

This special prize is in addition to the big art union prizes, which range from £1000 to £5.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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Film Reviews

★★ OX-BOW INCIDENT

THE Fox screen version of Walter Clark's vivid best-seller is a powerful and at times horrifying indictment of lynching and mob hysteria.

The story is not suitable screen fare, and is certainly too brutal to be classified as good entertainment. Hardly a grunsome detail has been omitted, and the film stresses too heavily the single hanging incident of the novel.

Director William Wellman has done a splendid job with the grim material at hand, and the casting is practically faultless.

Henry Fonda is really fine as the level-headed cowboy, and his brief scene with the flashy village belle (Mary Beth Hughes) after her sudden marriage, is the highspot of the film.

Dana Andrews is surprisingly competent and convincing as the innocent victim of mob brutality.

William Eythe, Paul Hurst, and Jane Darwell contribute portrayals that are little gems, but it seems a pity that such talent should be wasted on a film that could never possibly have popular appeal.—Civic; showing.

★★ TO-MORROW WE LIVE

THIS is an entertaining British film dealing with the underground movement of a Nazi-enslaved country. There is a fine touch of sincerity about the show which makes for conviction. As the story is based on fact, and De Gaulle co-operated with the producers, the film gives a clear insight into some of the work being done by the Fighting French.

John Clements gives a subtle and polished performance as the garage hand with information about a U-boat base, and he is ably assisted by Greta Gynt, a patriotic French girl, posing as a friend of the Nazis, and Judy Kelly, quisling waitress who redeems herself.

The romantic interest, although a trifle conventional, rings true, as does the entire film. A particularly refreshing note is that, for once, the Germans are not depicted as guileless fools.

Although there is plenty of tragedy and drama there is little "sob stuff," but rather an accurate portrayal of the wishes and aspirations of a trapped people.—Civic; showing.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ CRIME DOCTOR

ALTHOUGH this film is slightly far-fetched at times, Columbia presents an entertaining and unusual melodrama that is capably acted.

Warner Baxter, now rather time-worn, is nicely cast as the former brains of a burglary gang who loses his memory and ends up as the head of a State parole board.

Margaret Lindsay, as one of the parole workers, supplies the romantic interest, and gives a splendid performance. A trio of gangsters, who form part of Baxter's criminal past, are well portrayed by John Litel, Harold Huber, and Don Costello.

Australian actress Constance Worth is glimpsed in a brief role as a nurse.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

JITTERBUGS

THIS unfunny Laurel and Hardy feature lacks even the advantage of brevity. The pair work hard to inject some comedy into the wearisome proceedings climaxing in Laurel's masquerade as a wealthy spinster but even this fails to stir the already sorely tried audience.

For the most part, even the tomfoolery is of a more subdued vein than usual, and the labored script leaves the comedy couple with no comedy to display.

Vivian Blaine and Bob Bailey supply adequate but uninspiring support.

The title, too, is definitely misleading, because, apart from one brief and unimpressive musical display at a carnival, there is not even a seasoning of music to lighten this dreary effort.—Plaza; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear
PRINCESS NARDA: Who, with Teller Smith, is charged with theft. The Chief of Police thinks Mandrake may be behind the thefts.
The real thief is hypnotist Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant. The jury is about to find Narda and Smith guilty, when Mandrake rushes into the court with Grando, whom he has captured. NOW READ ON:

ACCORDING to a soldier who writes frequently to Greer Garson, and who shares her enthusiasm for French poodles, his poodle is in the Army Dog Service, and has won honorable mention and a medal for obedience.

* * *

WHEN chatting shortly after she returned from her trip to Mexico, Irene Dunne said that she was thrilled to have been guest of honor at a bullfight, but confessed she didn't like the actual killing. Irene thinks Mexico City the most hospitable city in the world.

* * *

DUE to previous commitments to United Artists, Dick Powell has had to forgo his role in "Bring On the Girls," and Sonny Tufts, the new Paramount actor, will replace him. Tufts has studied grand opera, and will sing several ballads in this film.

* * *

AFTER several weeks in New York, Rosalind Russell has returned to Hollywood to commence work on the Sister Kenny film. During the trip she accidentally incorporated with her own smart luggage a very battered suitcase belonging to a soldier traveller. When Ros discovered her error she bought a new, fitted suitcase, repacked the soldier's belongings, and returned the gift with her apologies.

Singing session discovers much promising talent

"Australia Sings," the all-vocal half-hour heard from 2GB on Sunday nights at 7.25, has just celebrated its first birthday and its sponsors have already made a New Year resolution to keep up the good work.

THE sponsors of this session have provided an opening to success for hitherto undiscovered talent.

They claim credit for discovering vocalists of promise, such as Virginia Elliott, whose voice musical critics have compared with that of Milisa Korjus, Raymond Nilsson, a tenor, Arthur Hannell, and several others.

By placing the stars of to-morrow with the stars of to-day in one show, the newcomers are given a twofold opportunity to widen their experience and benefit by their association with established stars. This has proved very successful.

Already 500 vocalists have been featured in this programme, and as plenty of talent is still offering it is sincerely hoped that "Australia Sings" will be able to present many more new singers in 1944.

Some of Australia's famous songsters have appeared from time to time as guest stars, among them Peter Dawson, Strella Wilson, Harold Williams, Angela Parselles, Stanley Clarkson, Reg Willoughby, and Elsa Stenning.

One of Australia's best crooners, Terry Howard, is scheduled to appear in this programme for some time to come, and he will sing any request for Bing Crosby numbers that listeners care to send in.

Barbara James, who also appears regularly in this programme, will also sing listeners' request numbers.

Incidentally, the Macquarie Ensemble and the Harmony Boys are veteran performers, having provided a staunch background of harmony right from the first broadcast.

The session is occasionally broadcast from Melbourne to give Victorian talent its opportunity.

In one instance, "Australia Sings" was able to present in one broadcast some one artist from each State of the Commonwealth.

Hector Crawford is responsible for the production of Melbourne broadcasts.

"Australia Sings" has been praised for its finales. Great ingenuity is displayed by E. Mason Wood, producer; Reg Lewis, musical director; and Jack Lumsdaine, who collaborate in the choice and arrangement of appropriate finales.

Co-comperes are John Walker, popular 2GB announcer, who has been with "Australia Sings" since its inception, and John Bull, entertainer, known some years back as a member of the Singing Pierrots.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 8: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, December 9 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, December 10: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, December 11: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, December 12 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, December 13: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, December 14: Musical Alphabet.

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RED CROSS DOES A MAGNIFICENT JOB I

RED CROSS WORKERS Mrs. N. Lynch (left) and Mrs. K. Stevens loading up a jeep with comforts and craft materials before starting on their hospital rounds. Sgt. H. G. Nairn, of Perth, convalescent skin case, lends a hand.

Women give invaluable help in ceaseless work among wounded

By ALICE JACKSON
Editor and War Correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly

About fifty convalescent patients were contentedly occupied in pleasant surroundings when I called at the Red Cross Hut in the Moresby area of New Guinea.

Every State in Australia was represented by men making quaint felt toys, which keep minds relaxed and fingers busy. Others were getting books changed in the library or resting with a magazine in comfortable canvas chairs.

THEY had come down from the nearby field hospital where, a few weeks or perhaps months before, they had been admitted with battle wounds, malaria, dysentery, scrub typhus, or dermatitis.

In the large hut, where picturesque palm thatching moderated the heat, they found a happy haven, congenial work, pleasant companionship.

Men who had performel prodigies of valor and incredible feats of endurance were contentedly absorbed in the fashioning of whimsical rabbits, fearsome dogs, blatantly bedizened elephants, and "things that go 'whoosh' in the night!"

Outside the hut, keen gardeners were equally happy.

You didn't need to be clairvoyant to know that, in each man's mind, were thoughts of home.

Even here, where you can't really forget the war for a moment, the Red Cross somehow manages to bring to stricken and sick men the true, tranquil atmosphere of home. That is one of their many great gifts.

"They always have a smile and a welcome for us," one of the men said to me about the women workers who are kept more than busy at their immense task.

Three of them were at that moment absorbed in the job. Miss Betty Larke, who is in charge, was completely surrounded by soldiers wanting books from the library.

Mrs. N. Lynch and Mrs. K. Stevens, their arms full of bright wools, looms, and cigarettes, were wrestling with the problem of how to get the maximum of comforts into the limited space of the jeep in which they were about to start on their hospital rounds.

Mrs. W. Morton, a New Guinea resident, Miss Stark, and Miss Virginia Hoban are the other Red Cross women workers in New Guinea, and ten more are expected shortly.

"These women are really superb," said the Red Cross Commissioner for New Guinea, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Heywood.

"Every week Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Lynch go round the whole hospital here, distributing toys, books, cigarettes, writing-paper, and other comforts. They write letters for the boys, organise two launch picnics and three beach picnics a week.

"Tobacco distribution is an exhausting job. It takes from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. to go the rounds of the hospital nearby, where wards are widely dispersed and from one end to the other is a two-mile walk.

"Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Lynch visit every ward and every person in it during the week. So every man has a chance to make any request."

BOOKS distributed by the Red Cross are a boon to hospital patients recovering from wounds and illness. From left, Dvr. H. L. Horner, Eastwood, N.S.W.; Pte. F Tierney, Melbourne; and Pte. L F Warbrick, of Strathfield, N.S.W.

SISTERS and convalescents from an Australian field hospital in New Guinea enjoy a ride in a rubber raft at a picnic arranged by Red Cross workers. —Department of Information photos.

Many tasks

A MOBILE canteen used chiefly for work at the docks and to evacuate the sick and wounded has proved a valuable asset. We saw it in operation at a beach picnic with workers dispensing tea and drinks to about two hundred convalescents.

Lieut.-Col. Heywood, whose home is at St. Kilda, Victoria, came over to New Guinea in December, after his return from the Middle East.

He went away with the first A.I.F. convoy, and transferred to the Red Cross in 1940.

"We started here," he said, "with two male officers. Now we have twenty-five men and women. The work includes the servicing of sick and wounded, and a Red Cross officer is attached to each division, casualty clearing station, and field ambulance, as well as to each general hospital. We also have an officer in charge of advanced stores.

"On every air strip where the sick and wounded come through there is a Red Cross tent, and the man in charge dispenses cigarettes, drinks, chocolates, and biscuits. A similar tent is at the terminus on each drome, and at every convalescent depot a Red Cross officer provides amenities.

"Another important branch is that of the Searcher Staff and Hospital Welfare inquiries. When relatives of the wounded contact the Red Cross in their town, cables are sent to us, and we at once find out where the man is, the nature of his wounds, and send back a welfare report."

Commissioner Heywood expects that it will not be long before a Red Cross public address system will be put into each ward of the large field hospital nearest this hut.

"Imagine the difference it will make to the men," he said. "With nets down in the wards at 6 p.m., and no chance of smoking or reading, the evenings must be terribly hot and tedious.

"When the address system is in, patients will be able to hear news, lectures, and music."

The strenuous nature of the work has told a good deal on the Commissioner, who has lost about two stone in weight in the past year.

He freely admits that though he has seen lots of troops in forward areas, and been in all operational theatres, he has never encountered conditions like these in New Guinea.

But his enthusiasm never wanes.

"This work brings the richest rewards in the world," he insists. "I

CHEERFUL convalescent patients and [illegible] centre in New Guinea. Patients [illegible]

AT PICNIC arranged by Red Cross work[illegible] of an Australian field hospital, Sister [illegible] and Miss Betty Larke hand out [illegible]

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NEW GUINEA

...d R... Cross workers at a Red Cross ...om... the nearby field hospital.

ANSWERING THE CALL, "Tea's ready," at a picnic arranged by Red Cross workers for convalescent soldiers in New Guinea. Two launch picnics and three beach picnics are held each week, and are very popular with the boys.

...New Guinea for convalescents ...r ...e, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Schaefer, ...some of the picnickers.

FELT TOY making is among the most popular handicrafts taught by Red Cross workers. Above are Bdr. R. G. Dockery, Wollongong, N.S.W.; Pte. D. W. V. Allen, Brisbane; Pte. G. A. Knell, Rockhampton, Qld.; Gnr. A. Davis, Woollahra, N.S.W.; L. F. Warbrick, Strathfield, N.S.W.; G. Berry, Cohuna, Vic.; W. A. Birch, Gippsland, Vic.; G. Beveridge, Wallsend, N.S.W.; C. Roberts, Bondi, N.S.W.; Dvr. J. C. Zenner, Sale, Vic.; and H. Favell, Cairns, Qld.

...like to give this as a message ...people on the mainland:

"...you could have the oppor... of seeing the appreciation ...ed by these splendid boys for ...forts which, thanks to your ...are able to dispense, you ...feel amply rewarded for any ...it has cost you.'"

...seems no end to the work ...the Red Cross. In a thou... it eases life for the sick ...nded, and, indeed, for all ...service.

...doctor at a convalescent ...told me, "The Red Cross ...all the difference. It's not ...it does for the men. It's ...does to us workers, too. I ...an the material comforts ... I suppose you could call it ...—the knowledge that they ...nd us and backing us with ...hearts."

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Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 5

"WELL, we're mistaken," I said. "We jumped at conclusions, and there's nothing in it. Even Jeffrey is mistaken for once in his life." I tossed the drawing-pin into the wastebasket and said: "You'd better get to bed. I'm going to try to go to sleep."

Bud shrugged his shoulders and turned away. I got into bed, turned out the light, and settled down. Bud was moving about in his room. Suddenly I heard him give a suppressed hoot and say: "We're fools! Complete fools!" He came into my room with an atomiser and said: "We forgot that you have to spray it first with a solution of alcohol and water. Fish the thing out of the wastebasket, Anne."

I couldn't find it in the wastebasket. I knelt on the floor, scrabbled around among papers, and found nothing. This would be too maddening if it were lost!

"Be careful," Bud said. "If that really has fluorescein on it, we don't want you to be stuck with it, Anne."

So I stopped feeling about with my hands and turned the basket upside down. Its contents spilled out on to the floor and the green-headed drawing-pin rolled across the rug. I picked it up and Bud sprayed it. The light from the ultra-violet lamp spotlighted it in my hand.

"We're right," Bud said quietly.

The shaft and the point of the pin and the underpart of its head glowed a vivid silver green.

He said: "Somebody filed notches in the shaft and smeared it with a paste of fluorescein, then put it on the attic floor near the door on to the roof where, sooner or later, Mrs. Vinson would be pretty sure to step on it."

"And nobody else stepped on it," I said, "because it was so near the door; their trunks and boxes are nearer the hall."

"It wouldn't have gone through the thick sole of a shoe," he went on.

"The morning of the day she died she had on very thin red slippers, I remember. They're not among the shoes we found in her room. They must have taken them off with her."

"So there's no use in investigating all the shoes."

"No," I answered, and put the drawing-pin down on a table.

"Better wash your hands," Bud suggested. "You may have some fluorescein on them."

In the dark bathroom he turned on the lamp, and the finger-tips of my right hand and spots on its palm also glowed brilliant silver green. I washed my hands vigorously and dried them.

"Let's try it again," Bud suggested, turning the light out. Again he turned the lamp on my hand, and again the fluorescein glowed as vividly as before.

"Impervious to water," I said. "Curious, isn't it?"

I washed my hands six times before getting rid of the fluorescein. After that we went back into my room.

I said: "I'll try again to get Jeffrey. He should know this immediately." I sat on the side of the bed and dialled the operator.

Bud watched me. He was coiling up the cord of the ultra-violet lamp. He said, "Where in this house have I seen green-headed drawing-pins."

But I was telling the operator my number at home, and in a moment Jeffrey's voice was speaking in my ear.

"Darling," I said, "aren't you ever coming out here?"

"I am," he said. "I'm starting just as soon as I can make it. I have to call at the hospital again on the way out. I haven't had a chance to telephone you all day."

I said: "I've rung you about a hundred times. We've found an important clue—Bud and I have."

"What is it?"

"It's a drawing-pin. We found it on the floor of the attic, and there are two notches filed in the shaft, and it was smeared over with a paste of fluorescein."

"How do you know?" His voice sounded excited.

"Bud and I tried it out with the ultra-violet lamp."

Bud was standing close to me. He said: "Boy, oh boy — how rotten! It's Rufus Keyes who uses green-headed drawing-pins for his drawings!"

"What's that?" Jeffrey asked. "Keyes uses green-headed drawing-pins?"

I said: "Bud was muttering something. We can't prove anything."

"Where is the drawing-pin now?" Jeffrey asked.

"In my jewel box in my bureau drawer."

"Well, take care of it."

"I will—and come out as soon as you can, Jeffrey."

"I will," he said, "but it may be several hours."

And then just before I hung up I thought I heard the faint sound as of someone else hanging up a receiver on the same line.

I PUT down my receiver and looked at Bud. "Some one," I said, "was listening-in. It was not the sort of conversation I should care to have overheard."

He looked worried. "There's nothing we can do about it," he said. "We might try to get some sleep until Jeffrey comes."

I may have slept twenty minutes or half an hour. It may have been longer, but I'm sure it was not much longer, when a sound disturbed me, and I woke thinking that I was home and that Michael was crying in his room across the hall. Surely I had heard some child, although as I woke I realised it was an older one.

A little boy was crying, saying, "Aunt Caroline — Aunt Caroline — Jill — Jill —where are you? Where are you?" It was Bobbie's voice coming thin and frightened and forlorn up through the flanges of the register.

I got out of bed quickly, went to it, and kneeled down on the floor. "Bobbie," I called down, but not loudly, trying to make my voice as reassuring as possible. "I'm Mrs. McNeill. I'll be down in a minute."

There was no distinguishable answer. In the room below the child was weeping. I had no idea why.

One can dress, when necessary, in about three minutes. I'm sure it was in less than five that I was downstairs, properly clad, at Bobbie's bedside. The other bed in his room had not been slept in.

"Bobbie," I said, "what is it, dear? Where are Jill and your Aunt Caroline?"

His little English voice answered me wretchedly: "Jill's gone—and Aunt Caroline's fast asleep. I've been awake for hours and hours."

I went and looked into Mrs. Murray's room and understood why the child's crying had not wakened her. She was so heavily asleep, she had obviously taken a liberal dose of her sleeping-tablets. There was still no sign of Jill.

"Bobbie," I said, going back to him, "Do you know at all where Jill has gone to?"

"No," he answered, and sat up. "I don't know. I wish you'd find her."

"Don't cry," I told him. "I expect she's gone downstairs to get some hot milk. Cheer up now, and look at some books."

He sniffed and picked up a book from the table beside his bed.

I hurried back into my room, went through, and woke Bud, and said, "Jill has disappeared." I looked at my watch, which said a quarter to one.

"Disappeared?" Bud asked, rousing sleepily.

"Yes, she hasn't slept in her bed at all. I think we should try to hunt her up."

He dressed in a couple of minutes. We went out into the hall and ran down the stairs as silently as possible. It seemed to me that I had been running up and down these stairs since time began.

Bud said glumly, "Perhaps she and Rufus have decided to eliminate themselves."

"You mean they have run away? I don't believe it."

"Perhaps it was one of them who was listening in when you told Jeffrey about the drawing-pin. They might have thought it was the moment to run, not walk, to an exit."

We were hurrying round the side of the house now, whispering together.

"We'll see if Jill's car is in the garage," he said, but it was, quite untouched.

I said, "Really, Bud, I'm terrified that something horrible has happened to Jill Murray."

"We'll wake Rufus Keyes," he said, "and see if he knows anything about where she is."

We went back into the house, tiptoed down the hall, and knocked at his door.

We knocked softly because we didn't want to wake anybody else in the house. Bud looked at me and raised his eyebrows, and I nodded. I turned the knob quietly and went into the dark room. Bud followed me.

"Keyes," he said. "I say, Keyes." But no one spoke from the bed. We stood, listening for breathing, but there was none.

"Find some light," I said, and at that many things began to happen quickly, simultaneously.

I knocked into a table and something that sounded like a board fell to the floor with a clatter. The door into the hall opened, two figures stepped in, and one made a jump forward and grabbed me too forcibly by the shoulder. Bud found the light, and there was Rufus Keyes with his fingers digging into my neck, Jill looking startled, and Bud about to come to my rescue. Rufus let go and I stepped back, rubbing my neck.

"I'm sorry," he said, but sounded angry. "What the deuce are you two doing in my room, anyway? Of all occupations, Anne McNeill, I think your sleuthing hobby is the most loathsome, bar none."

I was hurt and offended. I said: "I am not, at the moment, sleuthing. Bud and I were looking for Jill Murray."

"Here? At this time of night?" Keyes asked.

Bud leaned over and picked up Rufus' drawing-board from the floor. There was a charcoal head of Jill on cream-colored paper fastened to the board by green-headed drawing-pins. Bud put the board back on the table.

I said, "Well, Jill does seem to be with you, doesn't she?"

She and Rufus Keyes looked at each other questioningly. Then she nodded. She said, "Don't be in a fury at Anne, Rufus."

He said: "All right. I'm sorry, Anne, but you must admit that it's disconcerting to come into your own room in the dark and find two people barging about knocking over your belongings while they're trying to find out whether or not you've been indulging in the gentle pastime of murder."

"The murder situation does not at the moment interest me in the least," I answered. "Bobby woke up, wanted Jill, and couldn't find her. So many unpleasant things have happened here recently that Bud and I were a little troubled—that's all. I'm going to bed. Good-night."

AS I turned to march off, however, Jill said: "Please don't feel like that, Anne. Rufus and I were down in his uncle's study writing some letters and making plans and things. It's all right, Rufus"—she laid her hand on his arm. "Let's tell them."

"Okay." Suddenly he smiled and became friendly and charming. "How would you like to trail along and be my best man?" he asked Bud.

"Best man? When?" Bud looked amazed.

"Now. We've made an appointment with Mr. Carleton of Saint Timothy's. We're going to drive round there and he's going to marry us."

"You can be my matron of honor, Anne," Jill told me, and smiled.

I said, "For heaven's sake!" and wondered what I should do about this. "Isn't it a rather late hour for a wedding?"

They said that they could easily be at Saint Timothy's at a quarter to two, and that Mr. Carleton had seemed to understand the situation and had said he was writing in his study, anyway, and would wait for them. It seemed to me that he showed a remarkable intelligence if he could understand all this, but I did not say so.

I asked, "But why to-night—why not to-morrow?" although it was just as well for them to marry to-night. To-morrow, I thought unhappily, might be too late.

Rufus replied: "Well, the police have just decided to lay off this case, apparently, and I want to take advantage of the lull and make sure of our happiness while we have a chance. If you don't force things through in these days, you never get anything. You have to be a bit ruthless, you know, Jill."

"I know you do."

I wondered to what extent their ruthlessness had gone.

"We're driving round there now, we'll be married, and then we are going to get into Jill's car and make for Mexico as fast as we can put foot to gas."

"I'll go up now and throw a few things into my bag and ask Mother if she wants to come, too," Jill said. "I certainly won't be married a second time without telling her."

There was no doubt about it, Mrs. Murray's poise was amazing. She took a good deal of rousing, then she sat up in bed and listened to what Jill, standing at the foot of the bed, had to say. She looked haggard, but the personification of conventional dignity.

She said, "Well, Jill, my dear, I can't quite see why you always think it necessary to be married at such unusual hours and so impulsively, but since you do I shall get up and dress and come with you. What shall you wear?"

Jill looked down at her sport suit and said she had not thought about clothes.

"Why don't you put on that blue afternoon dress of yours with the Persian beading? That would be suitable. I shall wear my silver-grey silk. How about Rufus? My dear, I do wish you would wait just a few days so that we could do this properly."

I felt like laughing, and yet I wanted to weep, too. All this was so in character. To Mrs. Murray a wedding was not valid unless accompanied by the usual accessories. Poor darling, she deserved to be humored a little. I wished that we might have white ribbons and wedding cake and a small and exclusive orchestra hidden behind palms.

Apparently Bud felt as I did, because when, in fifteen minutes, we were assembled quietly on the front steps waiting for Rufus to bring Jill's car round from the garage, he handed her a bunch of tulips.

"Flowers for the bride," he whispered.

I wished they had not been tulips. They seemed a bad omen, and I wondered if they made Jill remember how she had knelt among them the night of Alex Walshied's death.

Mrs. Murray, Bud, and I went in my car, and Jill and Rufus Keyes went in hers. This arrangement troubled Mrs. Murray.

She said, "Of course, these old superstitions are foolish—but the bride should not see the groom at all on the wedding day. And I do feel troubled about this wedding, Anne. I'm so afraid that everything is not going to be as smooth for them as we wish it."

I was afraid, too, thinking of the drawing-pin in my jewel box.

To be concluded

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Animal Antics

"You'd better bail out, kid! I've been mistaken for a dive-bomber!"

"Robinson Crusoe"
"Blue Beard"
"Dick Whittington"
"Mother Hubbard"
"Sinbad the Sailor"
"Goody Two Shoes"
"Puss in Boots"
"Aladdin"

Mon., Wed., Thurs. 5.15 p.m.

2GB

These are your stories behind the music that lingers most in your mind!

Write in to Harry Withers, naming the song and the incident with which you associate it.

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Simplicity is summer keynote

SUPERBLY TAILORED MATITA SUIT interpreted in tan hopsac linen, overchecked with white. Skirt fullness is achieved by inset pleats. A sporty white sheer linen shirt completes the picture.

A COUPLE OF TRIM DORVILLE SUITS. At left, blue linen with trim jacket and a box-pleated skirt. At right, grey cotton with three-quarter sleeves.

SIMPLE BUT FLATTERING UTILITY FROCKS designed by Dorville in the new wool-and-cotton mixture, at the left in soft blue, and the other tan.

By PEG McCARTNEY

DESIGNERS are still giving us pep talks about the simplicity trend in daytime togs, and this time it looks as if they really mean it.

Styles are decorative, but undecorated, waists are neat and figure-hugging, necklines cool and uncluttered, skirts as full as regulations will allow, and in general there is a trim, pared-down look about this summer's clothes that is more appealing than frills and furbelows.

Does your day begin with packing parcels . . . continue with committee meetings or helping at the hospital . . . transport driving and Red Cross work . . . giving parties for the boys on leave? . . . A full and satisfactory life, but, oh, how difficult on that rationed wardrobe!

All-purpose frocks are therefore the mode of the moment. These are the styles that can be worn to the office in the morning, to a cocktail party, then dinner and a dance, and miraculously look immaculately smart and correct the whole day long.

Summertime is not the time to pander to that yen for the exotic that is deep within every woman. Keep those sophisticated drapes and scintillating garnishings for autumn, when you can splurge your whole allowance on one stunning black frock to serve you smartly for all important dates.

Warm weather-charm depends on having that "freshly laundered" look wherever you go. Don't hesitate to sacrifice drama for daintiness. Choose fabrics for their tubbable qualities and pretty-pretty colors like all those lovely muted pastels (famous for the complimentary things they do for your complexion). Let the designs be simple and young—pinafore frocks, brisk little linen suits, shirtmakers.

If you simply can't get through the season without that beloved black frock, select a heavy, dull-surfaced silk crepe, and have it made as sleekly plain as possible to allow plenty of scope for ringing in clever changes with versatile accents.

F'instance, a fluttery organdie jabot with matching pocket flaps can magically transform the simplest little black frock into a dashing gal-about-town ensemble. For a day in town, look crisply smart by adding a puritan collar and deep cuffs of starched white pique, and frost it all to a glacial coolness with a cute pique Dutch cap, worn 'way back on your head.

Designers feared when clothes were first rationed that restrictions would tend to cut out originality and make everything more uniform. Actually the reverse has been the case—charm has flourished and women's fashions have proved no good-time whim, but an ally as staunch as their wearers.

Paradise Plains

Continued from page 4

WHILE she prepared the meal he walked off in the direction of the rocks. The sound of cheerful whistling and occasionally a burst of song echoed over the plains. After the meal he disappeared again. For the next hour or so she heard in the distance the intermittent noise of digging. It was nearly dark when he returned.

"I didn't mean to leave you so long." He sat down beside her and lit a cigarette. "I may be wrong, but I have a feeling I'm on the right track. To-morrow should see it through. You know, Gay, you really should be very grateful to me."

"Grateful!"

He laughed at the tone of her voice.

"All right. It's a shame to tease you. Now listen, I want you to go to bed. I must get to sleep myself because I want to be up at daylight. Come along and see what I've fixed up for you."

He went over to the tent and disappeared inside. After a second or two she followed to find him placing a rug over a thick bed of bracken.

"I think you'll be warm enough. Here's a blanket, and there's the cover off the trailer, if you want it. Will that do?"

"Yes." She looked up. "Where are you going to sleep?"

He smiled. "Under the moon in a sleeping bag."

. . . . . .

She was awakened next morning by a loud shout.

"It's time you were up," Rufus called.

"Have you been digging already this morning?"

"Since daylight. Now hurry, there's a good girl, and you can help me with breakfast."

He left to continue digging immediately after the meal. Gay saw him pause from time to time, and apparently examine the ground. After a while she started to walk over, but before she reached him he shouted to her and waved excitedly.

"Come and have a look at this!"

He was staring down at the earth-shattered lid of an immense wooden chest. A few more strokes of the mattock loosened the surrounding earth. He battered and levered the lid off the chest, then finally with a protesting creak it opened. As he lifted it up and back she held her breath. For almost a minute there was complete silence while Barstow's treasure lay revealed to the sun for the first time for half a century.

She knelt down beside him. He lifted masses of heavy jewellery, examined bags of gold dust and gold nuggets, and a collection of vari-colored stones.

They spent the rest of the morning journeying back and forth to the trailer, pausing once to make tea and drink it under the trees.

Later, with everything packed in the trailer, and Barker waiting saddled beside her, she looked at Rufus Webb uncertainly.

"What happens now?"

"I'm giving myself a start. Not much of a one, but it's the best I can do. I'm driving off now and leaving you with Barker. You certainly complicated things for me, didn't you?"

With which cryptic remark he left her and became absorbed in the problem of getting the car and trailer backed along the narrow track.

She waited for a while after he was out of sight before mounting Barker. Then, sitting idly in the saddle, she let him slowly pick his own way home. Her father came out while she was unsaddling Barker.

"Hello," he said. "How are they all at Taggerty?"

"All right," she said, without looking at him. "How is Larry Flynn?"

"Apart from a sore head I should say about the same as usual. I saw him disappearing into Regan's when I was down the township a few minutes ago."

"Are they going to take proceedings against Rufus Webb?"

"Hardly, I should think, in the circumstances. Constable McArthur was telling me yesterday that in his opinion Larry Flynn only got what's been coming to him for a long time. By the way, I was down at the police station seeing McArthur about the fences just now, and I've got some rather exciting news for you. He said that Rufus Webb——"

"Have they caught him?"

"Caught him? No. They weren't looking for him. McArthur said he called in to see him the other day with what he thought was some fantastic story about buried treasure on Paradise Plains. He said it seemed a pity for it to be lying useless underground with a war on and the Government yelling for gold, and he asked McArthur if he found it would he take charge and arrange for its safe delivery to Melbourne. McArthur said all right, and thought no more about it.

"Well, this afternoon young Webb calmly walks into McArthur's office and says: 'There's a few thousand pounds worth of gold in that trailer outside. Where shall I put it?'

"McArthur told me you could have knocked him down with a feather. He doesn't want the news broadcast round the township until they get the stuff away, but he told me because I happened to be there just after Rufus Webb arrived. I was talking to him, by the way, and he said he'd be up later. He asked if I could put him up for the— What's the matter with you?"

"Listen." Her eyes sparkled. "That's Rufus Webb's car now."

"Sounds like it. Where are you going?"

But she was already nearly round to the front of the house.

"Hello," he said, smiling. "You look excited about something."

"You look rather excited yourself."

"I am. Come and sit in the car for a moment. I want to talk to you. There is something you and I have to get cleared up."

"There are a number of things," she amended.

"Yes, but there's one very important thing. The others can wait. Have you told your father you spent the night on Paradise Plains?"

"No."

"That's a pity," he said unexpectedly.

"Why?"

His eyes twinkled. "I was hoping that I would have to marry you to save that reputation you were making all the fuss about."

She looked away. "Can't you think of a better reason than that?"

"For marrying you? Yes. I have a better reason."

His voice was serious as he resolutely turned her face upwards.

"I have, in fact, the best reason in the world."

(Copyright)

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

LEONIANS and Arians are the most favored groups now, and many Sagittarians, Aquarians, and Librans can benefit.

However, all should avoid over-confidence, and changes should be made with caution.

Geminians may lose friendships, goods, or opportunities, unless they are extremely circumspect and wise. They should not make any big changes.

Virgoans and Pisceans will meet many obstructions, delays, and worries, unless they are exceptionally diligent, cautious, and patient.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): December 7 can be very fortunate, especially before 7 a.m. and after 8 p.m., December 8 (round dawn), December 10 (evening), and December 13 (near dusk) all helpful. Seek desired changes, promotions, and gains then. Live quietly on December 13 and 14.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): December 8 (mid-evening) slightly helpful; also December 9 (same time), but only for minor affairs. Plan for early 1944.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be wary just now, for disruptive elements predominate. Losses, partings, opposition, and upsets are probable, especially on December 10 (poor), December 11 (dawn to mid-day especially poor), December 12 (difficult to noon), and December 13 (poor until 4 p.m.). Avoid changes.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): December 11 (from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) and December 8 (to midday and during late evening hours), slightly helpful, but avoid important change for a while. December 8 (forenoon), poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be confident in seeking promotions, gains, changes and favors just now, for success can be won in many ways. December 7 excellent, especially before 3 a.m. and evening. December 10 (after 8 p.m.), December 11 (from 5 a.m. to 9 a.m.) and December 12 (round dusk), all helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week for caution. Obstacles can beset your plans and actions. Disappointment and delays are likely. Routine work advised, especially on December 10 (forenoon may be worst), December 11 and 12, and December 13 (to mid-afternoon). Be patient.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): December 7 (evening), helpful. December 10 (late evening), and December 12 (round dusk), very fair for minor matters.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): December 7 (evening) can be moderately helpful. Matters started some weeks earlier may produce results then. December 13 (forenoon) fair. Avoid over-confidence, and really important changes now.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Make good use of December 7 and December 8 (from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., or 10 p.m. to 11 p.m.). Seek advancement, gains, favors now.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Plan for improved conditions soon. Meanwhile, December 8 (from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. and from 10 p.m. to 11 p.m.) or December 9 (late evening), fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): December 7 can be helpful, also December 10 (mid-evening hours), and December 12 (round dusk). Moderate ambitions best.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A time to be wary and wise, for difficulties, worries, or discord can beset you, especially on December 10 (forenoon worst), December 11, December 12 (to midday worst), and December 13 (to mid-afternoon). Avoid changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"What do you do with your clothes when you wear them out?"
"Put them away for next year, of course!"

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GARDEN RECEPTION at Arrows Club for S/Sgt. James Delacour and his bride, formerly Jo Tyndale. Betty Dean (left), Maureen Clyne, and Marie Thornton were among the guests.

OUTDOOR PLAY. Bede Farrelly, with Shirley Waldron and Enid Sims, in scene from Australian playlet they presented in Fairwater Garden at Australia Fair for Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set funds.

On and Off Duty.

SPECIAL Christmas treat for the old people in the Lidcombe and Newington homes planned by 200 factory girls in Sydney.

These girls have collected money through installations of "swear" boxes — every time they swear in goes a penny to the box — and in various other ways have purchased fruit and sweets to make special Christmas party for the old people.

Committee is headed by Mrs. Sally Harten as president, Flora Cameron as deputy president, Joan Middleton as secretary, and Joyce Woodford as treasurer.

Have engaged four special buses to carry them all out to the homes for the parties, and are all set on making it a real Christmas party.

In addition to providing parties for the old people, they are continuing with their work for the Havilah Children's Homes, and the entire committee has been working to provide toys for a Christmas treat.

FOR FREE FRENCH. Bettina Vernon (left), Evelyn Ippen, and Trafford Whitelock (back) in "L'Aiglon" ballet they presented at Conservatorium for Free French P.O.W. funds.

• • •

EXCITING parcel in the mail for pretty Bettie Veitch, only daughter of Mr. S. Veitch, of Randwick, and the late Mrs. Veitch, when she receives beautiful square diamond ring in unusual setting from her fiance, Petty-Officer William Prister, U.S. Navy.

Bettie has not seen her fiance since last Christmas, and ring was bought for her in America.

To celebrate the announcement, her father gives her afternoon party at Prince's.

• • •

INDEFATIGABLE Diane Lianos, president of the Free Lance Younger Set, does not waste time when she goes to Canberra for a few weeks. Is planning to raise funds in Federal Capital to help with Younger Set's pet cause, the Belhaven Babies' Home.

On her return Diane will be busy with details of dance they are holding for Belhaven at Christy's on December 17.

ARMY PHOTOGRAPHER WEDS. U.S. Captain Michael Calabrese and his bride, Beryl Cansdale, leave St. Mary Magdalene's after their wedding. Attendants are bride's sister, Doris, and U.S. Lieutenant David Hamilton

ENGAGEMENT announced: Yvonne, elder daughter of the late Mr. E. W. Bell, and of Mrs. I Bell, of Marrickville, to Warrant-Officer Raymond Walter Holland, A.I.F. (returned), youngest son of the late Mr. W. Holland, and of Mrs. A. Holland, of Carlton.

INA HEARNE and Sgt. Donald Cameron, A.I.F., choose St. Andrew's Cathedral for their wedding. Ina is the eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs. S. Hearne, of Peelwood and bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. W. Cameron, of Christchurch N.Z., and of the late Mrs. Cameron.

SERVICE WEDDING. Captain Ian Longfield Lloyd, A.I.F., and his bride, W.R.A.N. Telegraphist Janet Cozens, leave St. Michael's, Vaucluse, after their wedding.

ACW DULCIE LOCHLENA HALL, W.A.A.A.F., and Able-Seaman Robert Charles Ling, R.A.N., who come from same town in Tasmania, are married at Wesley Chapel, Castlereagh Street.

Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hall, of Smithton, Tasmania, and bridegroom is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ling, also of Smithton.

Pair knew each other before they left their home town, and at the conclusion of her husband's leave Mrs. Ling returns to her parents' home in Tasmania.

• • •

CPL. MELBA DALZIEL AMM, W.A.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Amm, of Manly, chooses St. Mary's Cathedral for her wedding to U.S. Sergeant James Carpenter, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Carpenter, of Hazelton, Pennsylvania.

Bride's sister, Jesmond Amm, and U.S. Corporal Frank Ryan are attendants. Reception is held later at Merrybyn, Bellevue Hill.

• • •

CHRISTENING at St. Nicholas', Coogee, for Margaret Elizabeth, baby daughter of Sergeant J. E. Henry, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Henry, of Coogee.

Godmother is Sergeant Nance Hearne, whose number in W.A.A.A.F. is consecutive to that Mrs. Henry had when she was a member of the Service.

Private Keith Bennet, A.I.F., is godfather, and after ceremony small party is held at home of baby's parents.

Betty

Interesting People

SISTER E. NEILSON
. . . R.A.A.F. nursing

POSTED to escort duty with R.A.A.F. personnel, Brisbane nurse, Senior Sister Elsie Neilson, of R.A.A.F. Nursing Service, travelled to Canada with trainees going to air schools there; to United States with trained men for operational flying in England. Since return, to Australia recently has been in charge of R.A.A.F. school hospital in Queensland.

MR. W. C. HANKINSON
. . . Diplomatic post

APPOINTED to newly created diplomatic post of Deputy British High Commissioner in Australia, Englishman Mr. W. C. Hankinson was acting representative here of British Government in 1931-32 and 1935-36. Married an Australian — Miss Sheila Watson, of Canberra. Since 1942 has been official secretary to British Representative in Eire. New post raises status of Australian office to that of similar British offices in Canada and South Africa.

MISS NANCY ATKINSON
. . . Penicidin

BACTERIOLOGIST at Institute of Medical and Veterinary Science, Adelaide, Miss Nancy Atkinson (Mrs. I. M. Cook) has discovered penicidin, a substance similar to penicillin, which she isolated from pear mould and proved in laboratory tests to have greater lethal powers on bacteria than penicillin. Samples of another bacterium, which she recently isolated and named Salmonella Adelaide, are on their way overseas.

RECEPTION. Lady Wakehurst (right) talks to Lady Mayoress (Mrs. J. V. Bartley) and Lady Nock (left) at Lady Mayoress' reception for representatives of war organisations

LIDO DAY. Alba Callinan (left), Jean Giles, and Sheila Moss, of N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, discuss plans for Lido Day at Kurraba Point, on December 11

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Fashion PATTERNS

F2322.—Nothing smarter for afternoon wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2323.—Really pretty. American-styled maternity pinafore and blouse. Note drawstring waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. for pinafore, 2½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F2324.—Very smartly designed two-piece for summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2325.—Fashion hint: Blouses like these are the craze in America. This one is designed to fit sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide, 3yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/4.

F2326.—Unusually styled dress for special occasions wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2327.—Cute swim suit for 2 to 8-year-olds. Requires 1½yds., ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2328.—New season's swim suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . . .

HERE you see illustrations of two kinds of felt slippers, which come to you ready to make up for yourself. Instructions for making included with felt.

Felt colors available: Royal-blue, saxe-blue, honey-brown, brilliant red, navy-blue, emerald-green, and beige.

You may use ordinary cork inner-soles for soles; felt for inner-soles.

No. 418 (pictured above): Sizes 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, cost 6/8 (3 coupons), 6½d. postage.

No. 419 (shown left, with high uppers): Same sizes, cost 8/6 (3 coupons), 6½d. postage.

Slipper Case for Travelling: In shades to match your slippers, with button-over flap at top, and a spot of embroidery to lend it an air. All cut out ready for you to make up.

Price, 7/6 and 6½d. postage. Please ask for No. 420.

★ ★ ★

Don't be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SUN SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS

No. 1.—Material required, 1yd., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Material required, ½yd., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Material required, ½yd., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 11/12/43

Fashion FROCKS

"MILLIE." CHARMING FROCK IN SUMMER FLORAL

This dainty model, fashioned in an all-over springlike floral, is right in the forefront of new designs with its attractive front peplum.

The material is an excellent quality Marshall fabric flat crepe; multi-colored shades . . . lime - green predominates in one, blue in another, while cyclamen and pink tonings are also to be had.

Styled with a high-fitting neckline, short, well-extended sleeves, and a self-buttoned front. The skirt is slightly flared, and the front peplum extends from each side seam.

Ready to wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11 (13 cpns), 1/9½ postage; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 73/9 (13 cpns), 1/9½ postage.

Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11 (13 cpns), 1/9½ postage; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (13 cpns.), 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "MILLIE." In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.

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Fashion PATTERNS

STYLED MATERNITY CLOTHES

PATTERNS of all these styles may be called for or ordered by post. See address on page 21.

F3441.—Frothy frills decorate yoke and neck of this feminine dressing-jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3439. — Unusually lovely dressing-gown, full-skirted, wide sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2319.—Specially designed maternity brassiere and panta. Latter gathers at back. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 1yd. for brassiere, 2yds., 36ins. wide, for pants. Pattern, 1/7.

F2318.—Specially styled slip with adjustable tie at side, uplift brassiere top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3438.—Really lovely nightgown. Note way it crosses in front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2317.—Simple, very attractive smock. Note scalloped yoke, matching pocket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3413.—Very smartly styled hip-length swagger coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3411.—Smart maternity frock with shirtmaker top and extra fullness in skirt; adjustable waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3412.—Cleverly styled frock with adjustable tie waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Suitable maternity garments...

By SISTER MARY ADELE JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE importance of well-fitting and attractive clothing for its recognised psychological effect on the individual is a well-known fact.

For the expectant mother this has a special significance. If she knows that her clothes fit well and are pretty and becoming she will go out and mingle with her friends and acquaintances and have congenial companionship.

If, however, she feels that the clothes she is wearing are not suitable for her condition, she will be much more likely to stay in her own home, and thus miss out on many of the important essentials for a healthy pregnancy: Fresh air, outdoor exercise, sunshine, and the congenial companionship of friends and acquaintances.

Her clothes should be made so that their weight will hang from the shoulders instead of from a waistband. If skirts are worn, they should be put on to bodices.

Constricting bands such as waistbands and garters should be avoided. Her clothes should be light and porous and yet sufficiently warm to avoid chills.

They should be fairly loose, as there must be no pressure on chest or abdomen, and clothes made with straight lines that conceal the waistline are the most suitable.

If corsets have never been worn and muscles are well toned up (the daily special abdominal exercises will give strong, well-developed muscles) there is no need for corsets or any other support.

If corsets have been worn, probably support will be needed in the last weeks, when the simple uplift maternity belt can be worn (free leaflet giving instructions for making is available from our Mothercraft Service Bureau).

Suitable shoes for the expectant mother are most important, as the feet are rather larger than usual and the increased weight of the body tends to spread them.

If shoes are not comfortable she will tire more easily, take less exercise, and tend to be nervy.

Heels need not necessarily be flat (especially if ultra-high heels have been worn), but they should be reasonably low and broad.

The great importance of proper pre-natal clothes from both physical and psychological angles should always be considered.

When war will be but a memory

It is good to look back to pre-war days . . . but how thrilling it is to look forward to and plan for the days that lie ahead, when war will be but a memory.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade

THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

She took years off her hands

Everywhere you see them—faces young and beautiful—but hands rough and red. Too often you see the ageing effect of dry skin. Make *your* hands look years younger. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every night before bed. It's so silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy—you can leave it on your hands all night. Just before bed, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Then watch your hands become younger, softer, smoother.

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VERSATILE GREY ROUND-THE-CLOCK

Simple styles for home dressmakers

● At the extreme left Rene shows a clever way to pep up an old pillbox. The front is cut away and replaced with a fold and twist of starched white pique, which contrasts nicely with the battleship grey felt.

● Neatly tailored suit interpreted in oyster-grey linen and designed on youthful lines with a flattering, high-buttoned neckline and rounded yoke. Bring additional charm to your costume by making a bag and saucy little hat from left-over pieces of the material.

● Grey sheer wool for a casually tailored dressmaker suit. Impeccably smart all day long, and for evening dates remove the jacket to reveal a low-backed black or white satin blouse.

● Try relieving dark grey with a spicing of frosty-white. This trim little suit is made of sheer wool, with white linen or pique yoke and gloves — and again a bag and hat made from your suit material.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4720141

SPLASH your closed eyes each morning with cold water, letting the water touch your eyelids.

TO IMPROVE your bust, tuck your fists into your armpits, then make circles with the elbows.

A GOOD NECK EXERCISE. Move your head slowly from left to right, without moving your shoulders. This exercise should be done ten times each day.

THIS EXERCISE keeps the jaw line firm. Cup your chin in your hands, then force mouth open.

Over thirty?

Well, well . . . but you needn't look it!

• Simple, sensible food and exercise plus a little beauty care will keep you looking like a girl in the twenties.

YOUR foremost motto in life should be: Eat to keep young.

Daily menus should be built upon the foundation foods—meat, fresh fruit and fruit juice, vegetables (raw and cooked), milk, butter, cheese, eggs.

Cakes, pastries, highly seasoned foods, and lush-like desserts should be kept in the background. A monthly treat if you must.

Regular exercise, fresh air, and sunshine run neck-and-neck with a sane diet.

That matronly look which we all want to avoid usually starts in the thirties, in the region of the waist or hips. If you're wise you'll do a ten-minute exercise routine every morning to get your circulation going, and keep waist slim and supple, and hips tailored. Failing that, at least find time for a toe-touching movement and a bicycling one.

If you hate all exercises, try this plan: Every night scatter a pack of cards round your room, and with straight knees pick up each one of the fifty-two. Every morning cross arms on chest and roll across the room and back.

Watch your posture, keep the chest up. Keep an eye on your bustline. Always wear a good, uplift brassiere.

If necessary, do this exercise every day of your life: Clench your fists and tuck them into your armpits. Now describe a series of circles with the points of the elbows, first forward and then backward; make at least ten circles each way.

Take care of your teeth and your eyes.

Cleanse and cream your skin regularly. Never, never go to bed with the day's make-up on your face.

Unless your skin is very dry, cleanse with good soap and warm water; rinse in ice-cold water.

Troublesome feet add years to a woman's age. Look after yours!

ARCH STRENGTHENING. Sit with feet turned inward on large book. Keeping heels down, stretch toes down over edge of book as if trying to open it.

TRAINING COURSE

in Melbourne for prospective Y.W.C.A. workers—war service and civilian recreation work, January 10-30, 1944.

Applicants apply **Y.W.C.A. of Australia,** 55 Collins Place, Melbourne.

How to grow TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS

NOW is the time to plant tuberous-rooted begonias for a bright, late summer display. Few flowers excel them for sheer beauty.

They can be grown in the bush-house, fernery, glasshouse, or even out of doors in very mild climates. The tubers should be started in shallow boxes containing light compost consisting of one part each of loam and leaf-mould, a half-part of coarse washed sand, and a sprinkling of charcoal.

When planting do not cover the crowns of the tubers, and do not over-water until growth begins. When the shoots are about one inch, lift them carefully and transplant to six or eight-inch pots.

Good drainage in the pots is imperative. Cover the hole at the bottom with a piece of broken flowerpot, and fill in to about one-third with marble-size coke.

The potting soil should consist of well-broken-up old turf containing plenty of fibre and loam (three parts), to which one part of well-sieved leaf-mould should be added, and enough sand to make the lot porous.

Shade the newly potted plants for a few days, and protect them at all times from direct sunshine.

The plants should be fed once a week with liquid manure, made up by placing in a sack 15lb. of cow manure, 5lb. poultry manure, 1lb. soot, 4oz. superphosphate, 2oz. sulphate of iron, 3oz. sulphate of potash. This needs soaking in a 36-gallon tank or barrel. Use one pint to every gallon of water.

FRY'S CREAM TABLETS

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE FOR GENERATIONS

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex *Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.*

SUDDEN DEATH to mosquitoes and Flies ..... *spray* **FLY-TOX**

Why not **Be At Your Best** *for* **1944**

EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better in the year ahead. Sparkling eyes, clear complexion and radiant health—you can be sure of all these if you take Bile Beans.

Bile Beans remove the wastes that spoil your health and complexion and cleanse and tone up the system.

So, ring in 1944 with the good resolution to keep healthy, happy and attractive with the aid of your nightly Bile Beans.

Nightly **Bile Beans** BRING RADIANT HEALTH

1/3 a bottle, of all Chemists and Stores.

FULL MARKS TO THAT "HAIR-DO" BUT OH MADGE—THAT BLOTCHY COMPLEXION!

There's no camouflage for ugly 'skin faults'—banish them with **Rexona** MEDICATED SOAP

LATER

SAY HONEY, EVEN IN THE STATES THEY DON'T COME PRETTIER THAN YOU!

THINKS:— I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY —TILL REXONA CLEARED MY SKIN

LIKE MADGE, many girls unknowingly let their pores become clogged. Soon ugly blemishes appear. Guard against this with Rexona Soap. Its silky medicated lather swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt, lets the tiny pores b-r-e-a-t-h-e. Rexona contains valuable medicaments made specially to freshen a muddy complexion. Use fragrant Rexona every day and your skin will stay clear and healthy always.

10½ PER TABLET

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments

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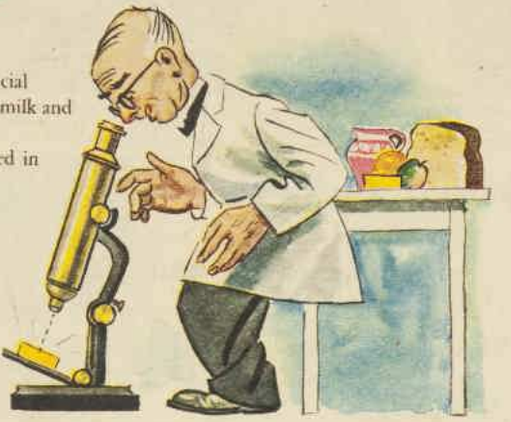
Children thrive on famous

Oslo Lunch



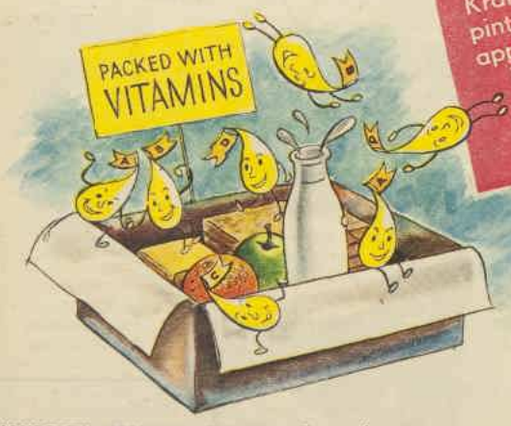
OSLO, 1932. Professor Schiotz designed special health meal of wholemeal bread, cheese milk and fruit for under-nourished children. This meal improved their health so much it was served in all Norwegian Schools before the war.

LONDON, 1938. Oslo Lunch taken up by English nutrition experts. School children in London who had the meal regularly gained 40-100 per cent. more in weight and height than children on ordinary lunches.

MELBOURNE, 1940 . . . SYDNEY, 1941. Further Oslo Lunch experiments were carried out at the Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne, and Camperdown Children's Playground, Sydney. The results were dramatic. After three months, Oslo Lunch children gained an average of over 7 lbs. in weight . . . more than twice as much as children on ordinary lunches. They had a better health standard, too.

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN, 1943. You can help to safeguard your children's health by giving them the Oslo Lunch every day. Easy to prepare. No cooking. Simple everyday ingredients. You can pack it in a few minutes for those school lunch boxes. For the war workers in the family, too.

THIS IS THE OSLO LUNCH
Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread with 1oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange or an apple or serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot or cabbage.



A WONDERFUL HEALTH SAFEGUARD. Remember the Oslo Lunch has been designed specially to provide a good daily quota of the "protective" food elements . . . the minerals and vitamins which we all need every day for good health and vitality. The best way to be sure your family gets sufficient of these vital food factors is by giving them the Oslo Lunch regularly.

Newsreel shot of children enjoying the Oslo Lunch at the Opportunity Clubs, Collingwood, Melbourne. The kiddies love Kraft Cheddar! Mr. R. A. Gardner, General Secretary of the Opportunity Clubs, was chief organiser of this famous Oslo Lunch experiment.

This announcement is brought to you by the makers of Kraft Cheese.

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To help you with . . .

YOUR MEAT RATIONING

Substitute recipes and suggestions by ***OLWEN FRANCIS,***
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

HEARTY SALAD PLATTER of cheese and celery croquettes, browned balls of bread seasoning, hard-boiled eggs, curried mayonnaise of vegetables, and salad greens.

MEAT is the most valuable source of body-building and repairing proteins, minerals, especially iron and phosphorus, and vitamin B complex.

The best meat substitutes are other animal foods such as eggs, cheese, and milk. The vegetable proteins of leguminous vegetables (peas and beans), and of nuts and whole cereals are second-grade proteins.

Meat is also a food of high calorie value, supplying energy units. Increase cereal intake when lessening meat intake.

Don't eke out the meat ration through every meal of the week. Serve a few good meat meals, plan satisfying meatless menus.

The cheaper cuts of meat, if prepared to be apetising and digestible, have as high a food value as the more expensive cuts.

Long, slow cooking (stewing, braising, low-temperature baking) does not lower the food value of meat, but does make meat, especially the cheaper cuts, more tender and succulent.

Dumplings, seasoning balls, pastry and scone toppings make small meat portions seem larger and the dinner more satisfying.

Meat flavors and the satisfying qualities of meat can be extended by combining meat with breadcrumbs, macaroni, and other cereals in meat loaves and rissoles.

Boning and stuffing joints of meat make the joint stretch farther.

When bones are included in your meat purchase, extract all their flavor and gelatinous content by making stock for soups and sauces.

The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. It's good manners to-day, and good for the teeth, to pick up the bone in the fingers. Queen Victoria did it!

Carefully preserve all fat drippings from meat (grilled, baked, or fried; and skimmings from stock, soups, and stews) and use for pastries, puddings, and cakes.

Render down bone marrow and use as for other meat dripping. Also render down all fat trimmings.

When serving frequent hashes and stews, serve on the same menus crisp carrot straws or celery sticks or rusks, for dental exercise.

With shorter supplies of meat the family will be more meat conscious. Revise your methods of meat cookery. Get the most from each purchase by careful cooking and attractive service.

Meatless dishes

● Here are good-to-eat dishes that will be invaluable in making up the required protein food quota for day-by-day meals when meat rationing comes.

CHOOSE foods of a satisfying quality for meatless menus.

Cereals, preferably whole cereals, will supply the necessary calories for meals without meat; eggs, cheese, peas, and beans will give to the diet the body-building proteins and mineral values.

Increase, too, where possible, service of dark green leafy vegetables for further vitamin B intake.

Recipes on this page have appetite value as well as meat-substitute food value.

TOMATO AND BEAN PIES

(Serve with potatoes and onions, and follow with a fruit caramel custard.)

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. dripping, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, cold water to mix pastry, 3 tomatoes, 2 cups cooked beans (green runner beans or dried beans), 1 dessertspoon dripping, tablespoon flour, 1½ cups vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce or sharp ketchup, pepper and salt.

Make the pastry as usual with the sifted flour, baking powder, pepper and salt, dripping and water. Line patty-tins with half the pastry. Make a brown sauce by browning the flour in the second lot of dripping, adding the water, pepper, and salt, and bringing to the boil. Add the sliced, skinned tomatoes and beans. Correct seasoning to taste. Pile the mixture into the patty-tins. Cover with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

CURRIED EGG AND CUCUMBER

(Serve with spaghetti well seasoned with tomato and Worcestershire sauce. Follow with apricot pie.)

Eight hard-boiled eggs, 1 long green cucumber, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups stock or water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, or, to taste, pepper and salt.

Slice and brown the onion in the fat; add the flour and brown, and stir in the stock or water. Simmer 3 minutes. Add the curry powder, sliced peeled cucumber and parsley, and, lastly, the eggs. Season to taste. Cook 5 to 10 minutes. Serve piping hot with a border of well-flavored cereal such as spaghetti or barley; or potato.

SPINACH AND EGG CASSEROLE

(Serve after a browned onion soup, and follow with jam dumplings.)

One bunch spinach, 6 medium-sized potatoes, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, little butter, margarine, or beef dripping of a good flavor, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon cheese.

Wash spinach thoroughly, drain, and chop very finely. Peel and grate the potatoes and add the beaten eggs, milk, and seasonings. Grease a casserole well. Place half the potato mixture in the casserole. Cover with the spinach and top with the remaining potato mixture. Sprinkle crumbs and cheese on top and dot with butter or dripping. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for one hour. Remove lid of casserole and cook a further 10 to 15 minutes.

CHEESEBURGERS

(Serve with a creamed onion sauce and hot vegetables with stewed fruit and junket to follow.)

Half-cup flour, 1½ cups fine stale breadcrumbs, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter or good beef dripping, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Sift flour, baking powder, pepper and salt. Stir in crumbs and cheese. Combine beaten egg and milk, and stir into crumb mixture. Add melted fat. Cook in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, or heavy frying-pan, turning to brown. Serve at once.

CHEESED DUMPLINGS WITH BROWNED VEGETABLE SAUCE

(Serve with baby squash sprinkled with chopped mint, follow with crisp green salad. Ice-cream to finish if it's ice-cream day.)

One tablespoon dripping, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2½ cups water, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 parsnip. For the dumplings: 4oz. self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1½ tablespoons grated cheese, milk to mix.

Slice and brown the onion. Add the flour and brown. Stir in the water, seasoning, and diced carrot, turnip, and parsnip. Simmer for 5 minutes. Sift the self-raising flour, pepper, and salt. Rub in fat, add cheese, and mix to a soft dough with milk. With floured hands roll into soft balls and drop on to the brown vegetable sauce. Cover and cook 20 minutes. Serve piping hot.

SALAD FLAN of cooked vegetables in a piquant sauce, served with whole tomatoes and lettuce hearts seasoned with lemon juice, pepper, and salt. Preface with hot clear soup.

SALAD FLAN

(Serve with hot, clear soup and a rhubarb jelly.)

Six ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 3oz. dripping, cold water to mix, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup diced cooked parsnip, ½ cup grated raw turnip, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup cooked green peas, ½ cup grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and pepper. Rub in the dripping and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll out, and line a sandwich-tin (8-inch) or a false bottom flan-tin. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes until crisp and brown. When cold, remove carefully from tin. Melt the butter or margarine, stir in the flour, and then the milk. Bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Simmer three minutes, cool, and add the vegetables and cheese. Reserve some of the peas for the top. Season with pepper and salt, adding also, if liked, other seasonings such as mustard or a little vinegar. Pile into the flan-case. Serve in wedges with salad greens.

BROWNED POTATO OMELET

(Serve with hot tomato slices and a green vegetable with steamed gingerbread cups to follow.)

Three cups chopped boiled potatoes, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons dripping.

Combine potatoes, beaten eggs, parsley, onion, pepper, and salt. Heat the fat in the frying-pan. Pour in the potato mixture and cook slowly without stirring until well browned on the bottom. Toast top under griller or turn carefully with a broad spatula or egg-slice, and brown in the pan. Fold over like an omelet and serve at once piping hot.

CHEESE AND CELERY CROQUETTES

(Serve hot with minted potatoes and spinach, followed by gooseberry pie, or serve cold with salad platter.)

Two cups thick white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped raw celery, ½ cup grated raw turnip or radish, ½ teaspoon mustard (if any), 1 cup white breadcrumbs, pepper and salt.

Add the cheese, celery, turnip, and mustard to the sauce. Heat, stirring well, and season to taste. Turn on to a plate to cool. Roll spoonfuls of the mixture in breadcrumbs, and fry until hot and golden brown.

CASSEROLE OF CREAMED CORN

(Serve with green vegetables and glazed onions, and follow with fruit.)

Four corn cobs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tomatoes, 1 pint milk (or milk and water), 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon salt.

Strip the green and silky fibre from the corn cobs. Cook gently, in enough water to cover, until tender, about 20 minutes. Do not salt when cooking, as salting toughens the corn. Strip the cooked corn from the cob. Place in greased casserole or pie-dish in layers with breadcrumbs and sliced tomatoes. Pour on the beaten egg, milk, pepper, and salt. Sprinkle cheese on top and dot with butter. Cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Serve very hot.

SAVORY CUP CUSTARDS

(Serve with cheese tomato halves and fried potatoes, and follow with a crisp-topped apricot crumb betty.)

To each cup allow ¾ cup milk, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch of sage, good dash of pepper and 1/8th teaspoon salt.

Beat the egg. Add the onion, parsley, sage, and pepper and salt, and stir in the milk. Pour into a greased cup, cover with greased paper, and steam 10 minutes, or until set. When custard is cooked, a knife inserted in the centre comes out clean.

BAKED VEGETABLE RAREBIT WEDGES

(Serve with creamed turnips, crisp celery sticks, and baked apples.)

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 beaten egg, 1¼ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups mixed grated vegetables (carrot, parsnip, potato, and onion), ½ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, pepper and salt, and a little extra milk.

Make a thick batter from sifted flour, salt, butter, first beaten egg, and milk.

Combine the vegetables, cheese, second beaten egg, and pepper and salt, moistening if necessary with a little more milk. Spread half the batter in a half-pound cake-tin. Cover with the vegetable cheese mixture, and then with the rest of the batter. Cook in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 50 minutes. Turn out, cut in wedges, and serve piping hot.

TOMATO AND ONION ROLL

(Serve with diced turnips and green vegetable, with stewed fruit to follow.)

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. dripping, cold water, 3 medium-sized onions, 1 cup grated potato, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 or 3 tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in the fat and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll to a thin sheet. Slice onions and tomatoes. Cover the pastry with the sliced onion and then with breadcrumbs, then tomatoes, and, lastly, potatoes. Season each layer well. Roll as for a swiss roll, moistening edges of pastry and pressing to close. Mark in sections with back of knife, and place on oven tray. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.), and cook for a further 30 minutes.

BROWNED VEGETABLE LOAF

(Serve as for a roast dinner, with baked potatoes, greens, and brown gravy, and follow with an oven-cooked pudding.)

One and a half cups grated carrot, 1 cup chopped celery, ½ cup grated parsnip, ½ cup grated turnip or radish, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk or stock, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh or dried herbs, browned breadcrumbs.

Combine the vegetables, breadcrumbs, flour, beaten eggs, milk, and seasonings. Turn into a greased loaf-tin, liberally sprinkled with browned breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 50 minutes.

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Recipes in season

● Share your kitchen discoveries and popular dishes with housewives in other towns and States—and win a cash prize in our contests.

TRY PICKLED CHERRIES: Simmer for five minutes a pickle of 1 quart of vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon spice and cloves, and mustard to taste. Pour over scalded cherries and bottle. Delicious with all kinds of meat dishes.

HOT, FRESH SCONES, well seasoned, are fine stretchers for a meat casserole or quick, savory hash. Cook above is the attractive Ruth Hussey, MGM star.

SAVORY stuffings will be used in the coming months not only for Christmas poultry and roasts, but to eke out the family meat allowance. Try the prize-winning ones.

The cold miniature Christmas puddings are delicious with lemon or lime jelly, especially with the honey and banana flavor.

The jams are sound recipes; and try the method of bean preserving with peas, too. The sun-drying method is slower but cheaper than the warm oven method of drying vegetables. It may take several days.

SAVORY FORCEMEAT

No. 1 (for poultry): Little minced fowl liver, ½lb. sausage mince, mixed well together, with 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, and seasoning. If mixture is too dry, add yolk of egg.

No. 2 (for poultry): Boil a medium-sized onion, and when cool chop finely. Take a couple of bacon rashers, chop also, and add with onion and 1 cup oatmeal. Melt 1oz. dripping, and lightly fry mixture for 10-15 minutes.

Form into a ball, and use as required. Use herbs to taste when bacon is not available.

Pork or Mutton Stuffing: Cook four onions well, and chop finely. Add to onions 2 cups breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon sugar, herbs, and seasoning to taste. Bind mixture together with 1 tablespoon melted butter or dripping.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. S. A. Nicholson, Bentley St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

JELLIED CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Mix together equal parts seeded raisins, sultanas, grated nuts, grated raw carrot, and chopped crystallised or glace cherries. Blend 3 cups well with 2 ripe mashed bananas and a little honey.

Stir in 1 cup unset jelly (and a little wine, if desired), and put away on ice or in refrigerator to chill in small wet moulds. Turn out on to sweet dishes when ready, and serve with cold spiced egg custard, cream, or mock cream, or any fancied Christmas sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CONSERVE

One cup finely shredded carrot, 1lb. vegetable marrow, 2 lemons, 2lb. sugar, 3 cups water.

Cut marrow into dice, place in saucepan with carrot, add strained lemon juice and grated lemon rind.

Boil slowly for 1 hour. Add sugar, boil briskly, skim carefully. When it jells in a saucer, bottle. Seal as usual.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 210 Hanson St., Adelaide.

CHERRY AND LEMON JAM

Stone and weigh 8lb. of cherries and put into preserving pan with strained juice of 3 lemons. Heat slowly, and when fruit is tender add 8lb. sugar and boil rapidly till jam will jell when tested. Bottle and seal while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

TO PRESERVE BEANS

To ensure a supply of french beans for table use all the year round the following is guaranteed: When they are cheap or if obtained from the kitchen garden, buy or gather in quantity, string and slice. Spread on newspapers to dry in the sun for two or three days; bring indoors at night.

Hang up in flour or porridge bags. Will keep in perfect order for 12 months. All that is necessary when wanted is to soak the amount required for two hours in water, and they will be found as succulent and tender as fresh greens.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Budd, 7 Windsor Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

MOCK TONGUE

Ask butcher to put an ox heart in pickle for a week or ten days. Trim off surplus fat and place in saucepan of tepid water and boil slowly till tender, about six hours. Then cut in halves and fit in tongue-press or between two weighted plates and leave overnight. Delightful with salad or in sandwiches, and tastes very much like ox tongue.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dulcie Hamilton, 2 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

KEEP YOUR CLOTHES in perfect order by constant brushing, airing, cleaning, and pressing. Pays handsomely in every way.

CUPS are precious now. Don't hang on hooks. Too risky for the handles. Set them out individually on a shelf kept specially for the purpose.

★ ★ ★

BRING out the old satin or brocade shoes for that Christmas party. Good fun. If they're soiled rejuvenate them by gently rubbing with breadcrumbs dipped in methylated spirit.

★ ★ ★

OBVIATE chipping of china in washing-up basin or sink by placing old towel at bottom; also on draining-board.

FOR CHRISTMAS TABLE decoration: String ivy leaves together, dip dried peas in hot sealing-wax, attach, and you have a fine substitute for holly.

GUARDIAN
KEEPS ME
FIGHTING FIT!

Its antiseptic, deep-cleansing lather routs the DANGERS IN DIRT

Your skin's first enemy is dirt — germ-laden dirt. Dirt clogs the sweat glands, spreads disease. That's why you need Guardian. Its vigorous medicated lather leaves you *healthfully* clean, glowing all over. Give your whole family this important protection!

GUARDIAN
Family Health Soap
leaves you
healthfully clean

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. Gu.62.26

Used the Night Before
ZAM-BUK
GIVES YOUR FEET
A GOOD START

You are dependent on your feet more than ever these days—and how easily they can make or mar your happiness. At the end of a busy day Zam-Buk is splendid to rub into the feet.

This fine soothing and healing ointment takes out all pain and tiredness and brings such comfort and relief that your feet feel restored. Under the influence of Zam-Buk all swelling and inflammation quickly disappears and it ensures clean, perfect healing of sore, chafed and tender skin.

So, whatever the job, if you've a lot of standing or walking, don't forget to give your feet that nightly rub over with Zam-Buk.

1/6 a jar, of all Chemists.

"Through being on my feet all day, following housework, they soon became swollen, and were easily tired. I began using Zam-Buk, rubbing it in every night and morning. Pain and swelling do not bother me now and I get about with perfect ease."
—Mrs. A. Jackson.

Pave the way to victory—
buy War Savings Certificates.

For Skin and Foot Troubles

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MOTHERS!—*meet Sister Mary Jacob*

● For years she has devoted part of her time to our Mothercraft Service Bureau. Now Sister Mary Jacob joins The Australian Women's Weekly staff and will greatly extend pre-natal and post-natal service to mothers everywhere.

By EVE GYE
Editor of our Homemaker Department

IT has been truly said that a nation moves forward on the feet of little children. This is why Sister Jacob's work is of vast national importance.

To me—as she must to thousands of mothers—Sister Jacob ranks as a great woman.

Her work is all-absorbing.

You can see that.

Spend a few minutes in conversation with Sister Jacob, show her a picture of a toddler, see her with a babe, and you are swiftly aware that the great love of her life is—babies.

And by reason of that great love, plus her expert knowledge and training in infant and maternal welfare, thousands of mothers and infants have benefited, and are benefiting daily.

Her arms reach out to help mothers in far outback and isolated country places—mothers and babes far removed from Baby Health Centres and the few and far between medical services. And so . . .

From lonely lighthouses round our shores, from isolated little-known outback places, from our desert-inland, come requests for service in the form of mothercraft leaflets.

Very often soldiers in camps or actually in the battle front in New Guinea write to Sister Jacob and ask her to send leaflets on to their wives.

Again, the educational aspect of this work is realised by others interested in maternal and child welfare. Requests for leaflets come from Child Guidance Groups, kindergarten teachers, infant welfare centres, from busy doctors (who have not much time to spare for pre-natal advice for their patients), from matrons of institutions such as orphanages, and from aboriginal mission stations.

Until recently Sister Jacob was the Sister-in-Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Now on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly, she will extend our free leaflet service and supervise a pre-natal section in our Sydney offices, where mothers living in outer suburbs with no pre-natal clinics, also country mothers visiting the city, can come for advice and practical help.

At a later date, it is hoped that similar pre-natal clinics will be established in other States.

Sister Jacob also is planning classes for lectures on pre-natal care—embracing elementary talks on biology, food values, general knowledge of mothercraft — and to give practical demonstrations in pre-natal exercises, cot-making, baby's bath, and the many other things a young mother needs to know.

Sister Jacob was born in Adelaide. A musical career was planned for her, but she decided to take up nursing.

She came to Sydney Hospital for general training, then followed up with an obstetrics course at Crown Street Women's Hospital.

It was then that she decided to specialise in infant welfare. So she went to the country that has cradled this branch of nursing — New Zealand. She went into training at the Karitane-Harris Hospital, Dunedin, founded by the late Sir Truby King, famous pioneer of mothercraft work.

After continuing her work in Christchurch and Auckland, she returned to Australia as Matron of the Karitane Mothercraft Training Centre, Woollahra, Sydney.

Later, she was appointed by Sir Truby King to a position as Sister-in-Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society.

Life was full and interesting, Sister Jacob says. In addition to her work at this centre she gave radio talks on mothercraft, interested herself in social and Red Cross work.

By the way, I have told you of the great love of her life. The fierce hate of her life is the "dummy" mothers still so often use as a "comforter" for babies.

HERE YOU SEE SISTER MARY ADELE JACOB, known to you for the past five years as "Our Mothercraft Nurse." She will now extend the scope of her work in the interests of mothers and babies.

TETANUS DANGER

By MEDICO

PETER CRANE ran a nail into his foot. "Do you think he should have an injection for tetanus?" asked his father. "It didn't bleed much."

"All the more reason why he should have an injection," I replied. "When a wound bleeds there is more chance of any infection being washed out."

Tetanus is a wound complication. Fortunately, clean cuts and surface wounds that are exposed to the air are safe. Of course, that doesn't mean that they don't need any attention; they do. But it is the deep wound where the air can't penetrate that has to be feared for tetanus. Here the germs can bury themselves and manufacture their poison which has such a paralysing effect on the nerves.

There is an old idea that lockjaw, which is another name for tetanus, is the result of a cut between two fingers. This is not the case; lockjaw is an advanced symptom of the disease. It is not seen very much these days because of preventive methods.

The tetanus germ normally lives in the intestines of sheep, cattle, and horses. But it grows only in the absence of oxygen, and is easily killed by air and sunshine.

Always bath Baby with Cuticura Soap

Your reward will be a happy baby, with healthy, glowing skin, able to sleep soundly undisturbed by skin troubles.

Cuticura SOAP

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT

HERCO Syd. Registered Trade Mark

1/2

The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion

TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

EXCUSE ME—Do you know why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative?

Andrews is ideal for young and old alike, because its action is so gentle yet thorough. Andrews cleanses and refreshes the mouth and tongue, then settles the stomach, relieving acidity. Next it tones up the liver, checks biliousness. Finally, Andrews gently clears the bowels, sweeping away all trouble-making poisons.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your ANDREWS

GIVE YOUR COMPLEXION THE Smoothness of youth

Like a transparent, gossamer veil of beauty that clings and clings, "Three Flowers" Face Powder gives your complexion the softness, the smoothness of youth. Can't cake, won't streak, stays "just-right" for hours on end.

If you live in Victoria, S.A. or W.A., you'll find difficulty in obtaining "Three Flowers" Face Powder and Creams. . . . But don't worry too much—the shortage is due only to war-time conditions and will be overcome just as soon as possible.

Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Cream.

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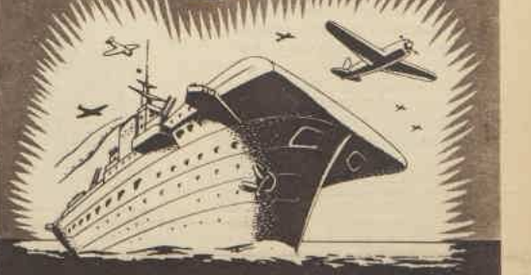
RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

British Chief



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

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How to get another year out of your Jantzen!

1. After using, rinse suit at once in clear, cold water.

2. Do not twist or wring — squeeze water out gently.

You used to have twenty to thirty shimmering Jantzens to choose from every year! Last year no swim suits were made in Australia. This year Jantzen is making three styles for women and two for men — and these are only for people who can't have a swim unless they can get a new swim suit.

Did you know that one reason why your Jantzen fits so well is because it is **sized by weight?** Come to think of it, how could any swim suit that is sold by bust measurement . . . say a 36" bust . . . fit a tall, slim woman as well as a very short, nicely-cushioned woman if they both have a 36" bust. So Jantzen developed its very elastic stitch and 'sizes by weight.' Result . . . perfect, permanent fit.

3. Do *not* use hot water or soap. Keep suit away from hot showers.

4. Avoid *rough* or *abrasive* surfaces.

5. *Dry thoroughly*, away from sun or direct heat, *before* putting away.

6. *Protect* from moths or other insects.

7. Do *not* use cleaning solvents yourself. These should *only* be applied by professional cleaners.

8. Suntan oils are *harmful* to "Lastex". Keep them away from your suit if it contains "Lastex".

9. Any swim suit containing "Lastex" may be harmed if allowed to remain *in the sun* between wearings.

Our Jantzen girls are doing a grand war job Why?

Because Jantzen is more than just a mill where girls are employed—it is a community where there is a very real spirit of "we're in this fight together". Each girl realises she has an important role to play in helping to speed the Victory and so does her job to the best of her ability. That's why our machines have scarcely ceased running since we switched over to war production—why we've been able to turn out huge and record-breaking quantities of khaki pullovers, tropical tents, machine-gun webbing and flags.

Something else, too. A young girl—no experience—she might be 16 or 17—comes to work with us. She is happy and interested in her job and within six months she becomes as expert as any senior doing the same work. Do you know what her reward is? We then give her exactly the same high salary as the senior—it might be two to three times the award rate.

That's nothing new. We've worked that way ever since we started making Jantzens. All of us at Jantzen have always had good reason to be happy in our work and take pride in it.

And that is something which is just as important as using the latest machinery and the best of yarns when you are producing a high-quality product.

Jantzen Diving Girl

Joan Bell

Joan was being photographed in Jantzens before she first became famous as the "Daily Telegraph" beach girl, so we can't help but feel that she is our discovery. Take it from us, Joan looks her loveliest in that aqua-blue water-velva suit we did two years ago. But even that gorgeous water-velva will be surpassed by the fabrics that you'll see in Jantzen's Victory Range.

Jantzen

JANTZEN (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

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Good-night, Galatea

Continued from page 8

"HUMPHREY —" Aldys was shaking, "are you going to stand there and let this nasty little vagrant insult me?"

Humphrey wasn't standing anywhere. He was still on the floor.

"Okay." Jigs turned to Humphrey. "I suppose you think your dream-girl wants you back because she can't live without you. Well, she can't live without you—or some other softie. Because that broker she was engaged to in New York lost all her money for her in the market!"

"That's a lie!" screeched Aldys.

Jigs shrugged. "Old Hump's lawyer knows all about it."

Humphrey got to his feet unsteadily. He looked like a man who had stayed six rounds with Joe Louis—not merely one punch from Eddie Turk.

"For goodness' sake," he wheezed, "stop calling me Old Hump!"

Aldys snatched up her purse. "I'll phone you later, angel—after you get rid of this creature!" She put her arms around Humphrey and kissed him. I don't think Humphrey wanted to kiss her so much as he wanted something to hang on to, to keep from falling down. As soon as she moved away he flopped into a chair and sat nursing his jaw.

"Hope you enjoyed the fun!" Jigs said mockingly, as Aldys marched disdainfully away. We heard the front door slam. Then there was no sound but the ticking of the cuckoo clocks. Humphrey pulled himself together, and frowned. He looked as if he were about to say something pompous. And he did. "Jigs," he said, "that was very bad manners."

Jigs stared at him. She couldn't believe he had said it. Neither could I. "Bad manners," I heard her repeat. "Is—is that all it means to you?" She turned to me, and there were tears in her eyes. "What's the use?"

"Let's take a little walk, Jigs," I suggested. "Fresh air——"

"I need fresh air, all right!" Angrily Jigs brushed away a tear. "After being in this stuffy joint! Before I go, I want to tell you a few things, Mr. Humphrey Kip!"

And she told him. I have never heard anybody told so many things at one time. I thought she was going to cry, but she didn't. She hurled the words at him passionately: "Go ahead and marry Aldys again! If you're that stupid—it's just what you deserve! I'm glad I won't have to stick around here, watching her make a chump out of you. And I'm glad I won't have to copy any more of those dreary notes on William Tell! Wasting your time writing a book about a guy nobody knows whether he ever lived or not! Why don't you write the life of Rip Van Winkle? He never lived either. And, for that matter, I'm not so sure you're alive. You don't act like it! You ought to be in a museum—under glass!"

Humphrey sat gazing at her with his mouth open. She had not even paused for breath.

"Always trying to make over something!" she jeered. "Trying to make over that town so it'll look like Switzerland! There's nothing wrong with Switzerland—the Swiss are a great little people. But they don't need you—you've got a country of your own!"

At this ill-chosen moment the two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks in the room began cuckooing midnight. Jigs paused and looked around at them with fierce scorn. They seemed to aymbolise the whole futility of Humphrey's existence.

"Cuckoo clocks!" She picked up a brass ash-tray, and hurled it at the nearest one. Crash! The clock flew into a thousand pieces, cuckooing madly.

"Here, here!" protested Humphrey, "you——"

Jigs interrupted him by smashing another one. Then another.

Gustav the butler rushed in. "Shall I call the police, sir?"

"Get out of here, you ice-box thief!" shouted Jigs, seizing a bottle, "or I'll let you have it!"

GUSTAV retreated. Jigs kicked the door shut, and turned on Humphrey. "What a stuffed tomato you really are," she said. "Running a big factory to make cuckoo-clocks that nobody wants—when the same factory could be making bomb-sights. Something the country needs!"

I must say, it startled me. Out of that embarrassing feminine tirade had come this cool, logical idea. I looked at Jigs in admiration. Then I looked at Humphrey. He was bending over, picking up broken cuckoo clock springs from the floor.

"But not you!" Jigs' voice rose in a kind of frustrated fury. "You've never done anything worth while in your whole silly life! You and your bird-calls!" And she ran out of the room, slamming the door.

Slowly Humphrey straightened up and got to his feet.

He turned to me. "That's not a bad idea of hers. About the bomb-sights, I mean. Our machinery could turn out bomb-sights. It's really a terrific idea." He snapped his fingers excitedly. "Ask her to come down and we'll talk this over."

"Too late," I said. "Didn't you hear that taxi drive away? Jigs has gone back to Hollywood."

Humphrey looked as if I had hit him. "You're kidding."

"I wish I were," I told him. "You'll find she's taking the midnight bus. With Eddie Turk."

"But she can't do that!" He had begun to realise what it would mean to lose Jigs. "No——" he looked desperate "—she can't do it! Come on!"

We ran out, grabbing our coats in the hall. Humphrey's car stood in the driveway. We scrambled into it—Humphrey took the wheel—and off we roared down the hill, past the Golden Gate Bridge. It was late, but there seemed to be a lot of traffic. We went through those crowded downtown streets like an ambulance. I don't think Humphrey saw the stop-signals—he was too upset. When we reached the bus-station they told us the Hollywood bus had pulled out five minutes ago. Humphrey was already turning the car around.

"Where are you going now?" I asked him.

"I must get her back," he said grimly.

"But you can't catch that bus! Are you crazy?"

"I will be," he said, "if I don't get her back!"

Nobody ever got out of any town so fast. Before I knew it, we were on the highway, speeding down the peninsula. I will remember that ride as long as I live. And there were moments when I didn't think either of us would live long enough to remember anything! Humphrey drove like a madman. I couldn't believe it was Humphrey—the man who had never taken a chance in his life. We tore through that cold moonlight night at ninety miles an hour. I would have welcomed the sight of a motor-cycle cop! Then, as we rounded a turn, there was the bus! It must have been doing sixty when we caught up with it.

There were not many pasengers inside. I could see Jigs, sitting by Eddie Turk. She looked as if she had been crying. We were racing side by side now, Humphrey tooting frantically. The bus driver did not even glance at us. Humphrey began shouting. We took another curve then—and just missed an oil-truck. When I opened my eyes we were alongside the bus again, Humphrey yelling like a manic. The whole thing was ridiculous. It was like attempting to stop a rocket plummeting through space. I tried to argue with Humphrey.

"They've got to stop some time!" he bellowed. "There must be a railroad crossing——"

At that instant we were caught between the bus and a big moving-van. I felt the paint scrape—then we were out again, racing the bus. As soon as I got my breath I saw that we were passing the bus! "I'll get ahead of 'em," I heard Humphrey say, "and wreck this car across the road. That'll stop 'em!"

"You'll what?"

We careened around another curve, missing a ditch by half an inch.

"I've had enough of this," I protested. "Let me out!"

"Sure!" yelled Humphrey. "Got a parachute!" That was his idea of humor.

Suddenly just ahead loomed a huge vegetable truck, halted at the bottom of a hill. Humphrey saw it—but too late. He jammed on the brakes, we skidded, turned around twice, and bashed into the truck. The canvas sides of the truck split open, and down on us poured an avalanche of vegetables—lettuce, carrots, peas, spinach . . . And then it was raining ripe tomatoes! To my astonishment I found that neither Humphrey nor I was hurt—but we were drenched with tomatoes.

Humphrey crawled out of the car and I followed. The bus screeched to a stop behind us, and the door flew open and people came piling out. I saw Eddie Turk and Jigs. Then, in the glare of the headlights, I saw Humphrey rush up to Jigs. Covered with crushed tomatoes, he was a gory sight. You could have heard Jigs' scream for a mile! "Darling—you've been hurt!"

"If he hasn't been, he's gonna be now!" said Eddie Turk, and swung a neat left hook. Humphrey keeled over backward. A crowd was gathering round. As I came forward, trying to see through a rosy haze of tomato juice, Humphrey staggered to his feet. Eddie Turk had whipped out of his coat and assumed the crouching attitude of the ring. As Humphrey closed in, Eddie swung another punch. But by mistake the punch caught Jigs on the chin as she rushed between them. Jigs sat down abruptly.

AT this Humphrey uttered a roar of rage. He was a primitive male now, defending the woman he loved. As Eddie Turk turned to apologise to Jigs, Humphrey hit him like a whirling dervish, with both hands. Down went Eddie Turk—the most surprised man in the world. But he was up again, and boring in with rights and lefts. Humphrey got in a few punches—but it was only a question of seconds until the professional fighter would finish him.

Then I saw Jigs behind Eddie, and as I stared, fascinated, she lifted one hand. In the hand was a high-heeled shoe. Through my mind flashed her words, the night we had first met her: "A high-heeled shoe is as good as a blackjack any day!"

At this point Eddie threw a hard left to Humphrey's jaw and Humphrey sagged. In the next instant, with amazing dexterity, Jigs brought the high-heeled shoe down on Eddie's head. Eddie folded.

Something like a cheer went up from the crowd. I saw Jigs kneeling beside Humphrey, lifting him up, whispering tender endearments. Humphrey opened his eyes and smiled groggily.

"You're all right, my darling," Jigs crooned, "you're all right." Gently she removed a lettuce leaf from his collar, and wiped some tomato from his face. Then she kissed him and laughed. "All you need is a little French dressing!"

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PYORRHEA

4 OUT OF 5 may be too late

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If your gums are tender, sore, and bleed—take heed right away! These are often signs of Pyorrhea—a swiftly spreading inflammation where the gums join teeth.

Guard Against Pyorrhea This Easy Forhan Way.

Massage your gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the only dentifrice containing R. J. Forhan's D.D.S., special Anti-Pyorrhea Astringent. This Forhan's effective TWO-WAY dental help does these three important things—

1. Helps gums to be firmer—thus able to ward off this terrible infection.
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Only original Forhan's dentifrice containing a special anti-pyorrhea astringent!

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Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

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A GREAT HELP FOR Joint Pains

You can put an end to joint pains—if you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys so that they can clear from your system excess uric acid poisons and other impurities. Let De Witt's Pills wake sluggish kidneys to action and watch these joint pains disappear for good. De Witt's Pills are ready to give you quick and lasting relief. Within 24 hours of the first dose you have proof, and if you give De Witt's Pills a fair trial, joint pains will completely disappear.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Prices, 1/9, 3/, and 5/9.

A POINT ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS

Handkerchiefs should wear well, keep their colour, launder perfectly . . . and NILE handkerchiefs do!

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Made by the Makers of Nile Athletic Singlets and Underpants

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FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

THIRD GEORGIAN PERIOD . . . *Age of the minuet and the fan, of powder and periwig. With commerce expanding, England waxed fat, and her population reached eight millions for the first time in history. From all classes of this greater community came a big demand for textiles, which in turn focussed attention on dyeing, and a new dynasty of "dye-chemists" came into being. In 1760 the Frenchman, Hellot, came within an ace of forestalling Perkin by stumbling on aniline, but the full significance of his discovery escaped him. Another century was to elapse ere aniline's secrets were laid bare and the way was made clear for the development of the modern range of dyestuffs by synthesis.*

. . . . . From the extravagant colours and elaborate designs of the Third Georgian Period, we of the twentieth century have travelled far along the road of fashion. Today, through the skill and perseverence of the British Dyestuffs Industry, there are colours that outshine the rainbow in their varied hues . . . but which, in line with modern utility, are made for lasting fastness. Even these qualities were not sufficient for the organic chemists, so they set to work and produced the amazing textile finish . . *"Velan"*. Velan-Processing renders the finest dress materials or even the heaviest furnishing fabrics water-repellant. *It improves the drape and handle* . . . and when treated with *"Velan"*, the material resists staining by ink, wine, tea, mud-splashes and other stains. It is permanently liquid-repellant and stain-resisting, even after frequent washing, laundering or dry-cleaning.

When *"Velan"* is available for civilian use, materials will not only be of glorious lasting colour . . *but also water-repellant.*

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